NATIONAL REVIEW

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April 25, 1959

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Sensationalism and The Dead Sea Scrolls

HERBERT A. KENNEY

Mr. Republican, Remembered

AN EDITORIAL

The Sureness of Belloc

HUGH KENNER

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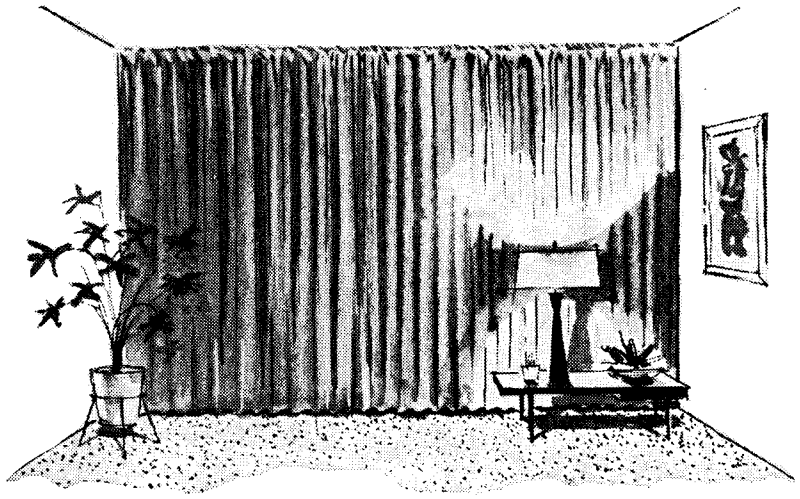

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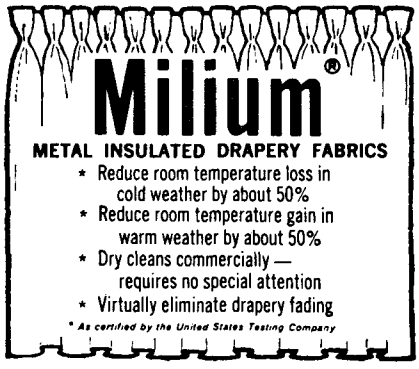
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PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Frank S. Meyer
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES

Priscilla L. Buckley — Jonathan Mitchell
Maureen B. O'Reilly — Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: John Leonard

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

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For the Record

The wrangle over Senate confirmation of Admiral Lewis Strauss as Secretary of Commerce getting vicious. So much so, one veteran Republican Senator has warned Democratic colleagues, that appointees of a future Democratic administration may expect the "Strauss treatment.". . . Senator Humphrey, author of a bill to do away with right of the United States to decide what international issues affecting her should be placed before the International Court of Justice (see "Mr. Nixon's Nostrum." p. 6). His measure is designed to "remove the shackles which restrict the UN.". . . Alarm in the Nixon camp over reports of liaison between ex-Governor Goodwin J. Knight and Nelson Rockefeller. It could mean a badly split California delegation in 1960. . . . Sam Rayburn, working behind the scenes for the nomination of Symington. Insiders except him to make public his support soon.

The press in Mexico, Uruguay and Chile is stepping up demands for termination of diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia. In all three countries, and in Argentina, Soviet diplomatic personnel have recently intruded in local affairs. . . . De Gaulle's withdrawal of the French fleet from NATO command has freed French gunboats for service against gun-runners carrying arms from Yugoslavia to Algeria. . . . Diplomats in Vienna now convinced the Kassem government wanted and organized the Mossul revolt. They say there is something fishy in the speed with which Kassem "counter-attacked"—and purged suspected rivals.

Red China strategy in Tibet is based on the food supply. Rice stores have been seized —including seed for the planting crops—in hope of starving the Tibetans into submission. . . . The continued UN silence on Tibet has aroused the ire of some of the most vocal UN supporters of the past.

Communist front organizations have been buying, selling and propagandizing tickets for the Soviet Ballet performances in New York City. A torrent of pro-Communist literature accompanies tickets purchased through these organizations. . . . Social Security Note: Some retired farmers now receiving social security checks are said to have qualified by paying self-employment tax on a part of their soil bank checks. In effect, they are receiving monthly checks for not farming the farmland the government once paid them to leave unfarmed.

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The WEEK

● The town of "Vinnitsa" has a drive-in restaurant on the outskirts, a corner drugstore, and Marilyn Monroe at the local movie house. Its inhabitants drive Fords and Plymouths, wear slacks and blue jeans. Some talk with a Southern drawl, others with a New England twang. Several—to hear them speak—might have just graduated from Harvard. American history is taught in the schools and the jangle one hears from the jukebox in the local pool hall is rock-'n-roll. Some of Vinnitsa's inhabitants have not moved away in thirteen years, so anxious are they to be integrated completely into the language and manners of Their Town. And besides, Vinnitsa is surrounded by barbed wire, reminding the 1,000 to 1,300 Soviet citizens (the estimate is that of the Stockholm newspaper that broke the story) training for future espionage assignments in the United States, of their high duty. May we, gentlemen of the American Civil Liberties Union, put Vinnitsa on the Attorney General's list?

● It is with a heavy heart that we note the resignation of John Foster Dulles as Secretary of State. The cause—the progression of his cancer—would be enough to evoke compassion regardless of any question of character. But when a good man is stricken it seems like a double affront of the fates. Over the years Dulles grew and grew in his capacity to understand the ever-present menace of international Bolshevism. In a capital that is altogether too willing to be beguiled into witless softness, Dulles remained on the whole hard, intelligent and purposeful. We sincerely hope the example of his career will have meaning for his successor in office.

● Many people are talking about the "coming" steel strike as if it were a foreordained visitation from the malevolent fates, and hence quite beyond our powers to avert. But let us endorse the proposal that the steel companies refrain from raising prices and the union refrain from asking a wage increase. Let us ask, further, that both union and management appoint a qualified committee to measure productivity increases for a period extending from June of 1959 to June of 1960. Then let the cash fruits of the productivity increase (if there is one) be shared by prearranged formula between the steel workers, the investors in the companies—and, if the profits should prove to be large enough, with consumers in the form of lower prices for 1961. Neither labor nor the investor could lose by such conciliation; indeed, they would gain twice over, since the rewards of virtue would almost certainly be paid in a contribution to a stable currency.

● Disgruntled spokesmen for the State Department slouched into Washington's National Press Club and unloaded their lamentations on the reporters. The State Department, they said, saw "no useful purpose" in denying a U.S. trader an export license to send 12,227 tons of steel pipe to the Soviet Union. But the license *was* denied, again and again and again (three times) by our vigorous Secretary of Commerce, Lewis L. Strauss. He acted on the recommendation of an inter-departmental committee representing divers government agencies, which concluded that steel pipe and war-making are pretty clearly related.

● Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Derick Heathcoat Amory, presented British voters with a gay spring budgetary bouquet. Reductions were made in income, sales, beer and other taxes with a direct and intimate relation to the consumer's wallet. At the same time Mr. Amory's figures anticipated a billion-dollar surplus for the next year. Altogether, the offering was a dazzling tribute to the skill with which Harold Macmillan has guided Britain toward economic recovery and strength, and the shrewdness with which he is making ready for the General Election which—the budgetary gifts suggest—he will proclaim not later than this autumn.

● The mysterious Herbert Wehner last week made one of his rare appearances in the public spotlight. Wehner, who recently maneuvered a notorious pro-Communist into the editorship of a major German socialist newspaper, was revealed to be the author of the Plan for German Reunification which he induced the executive committee of the German Social-Democratic Party to sponsor and publish. The Wehner Plan, paralleling with remarkable fidelity the proposals put forward by the Kremlin for "solution of the German problem," was summarily described by Konrad Adenauer: "a program for the Bolshevization of all Germany." It was endorsed, twenty-four hours after publication, by *Neues Deutschland,* organ of the East German Communist Party, and by *Izvestia,* official organ of the Soviet government. Herbert Wehner is deputy leader of the SDP and reported to be the confidential guide on foreign affairs of SDP chief, Erich Ollenhauer. From 1926 to 1946 he was a Communist and a Soviet agent. After spending two years in a Swedish jail on conviction for espionage, Wehner returned to West Germany via a two-year detour through Moscow and Communist East Germany. No coherent explanation has ever been given of why Ollenhauer, who will become head

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of the West German government if the SDP wins the next election, gave this soiled Lochinvar from out of the East so immediate and prodigal a welcome.

● Three times since 1953, the United States has made Brazil a sizeable loan. This spring, facing a balance of payment deficit of $308 million, she has come round again, knocking lustily on the door. After some study, U.S. officials agreed to grant her yet another loan, provided she take steps to halt inflation and put her economy on a sounder basis. Specifically, officials of the International Monetary Fund recommended that Brazil cut government spending, restrict bank credits and adopt a realistic exchange rate. That would amount to austerity, howled President Kubitschek, and haughtily turned down—no, not the loan, the suggested economic reforms. A step which has, as we understand it, caused deep concern —no, not in Brasilia, in Washington.

● Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union and the Western Conference of James Hoffa's International Brotherhood of Teamsters are about to set up a joint ten-man committee to run the West Coast docks and waterfronts. Insiders believe this to be the first open move to carry out a plan for a gigantic federation controlling the nation's transport. The alliance of Bridges, with his record of Communism, and Hoffa, with his record of fraud and gangsterism, is, admittedly, a natural.

● Ernesto de la Fé, the respected anti-Communist journalist, enters his fourth month in Castro's La Cabaña prison. He is now accused of a plot to assassinate Cuba's free-wheeling Premier (though he was always anti-Batista), and is earmarked for the firing squad. The reaction of American officials and newspapers has been: silence. Congressman Charles Porter of Oregon, friend of left-wing political movements in South America, told NATIONAL REVIEW over the telephone last week: "I don't have enough information about the guilt or innocence of this man to make any kind of statement." Mr. Porter did, however, confess to "a great many misgivings about some of the things [Castro] has done recently, and I expect to make a statement in the near future." We trust Mr. Porter will investigate, and deliver his statement, while Ernesto de la Fé is still alive.

● Since the dramatic French fiscal moves three months ago—realistic devaluation accompanied by external convertibility, reduced subsidies, stiffened taxes—the position of the franc has spectacularly improved. There has been a $600 million net improvement in reserves. With falling demand, the price of gold has dropped to a merely nominal premium. Foreign creditors, confident that they can convert at will, are content to leave balances in francs. The government is preparing to ease up this summer on foreign currency tourist allowances. And well-to-do Frenchmen—notoriously more skeptical than any foreigners of their own government—are themselves beginning to repatriate the capital they have squirreled abroad.

● Whether by default or design, the U.S. public has not been informed of the exact status in international law of the present relation between Tibet and China. On March 18, the Dalai Lama—spiritual and temporal chief of the Tibetan state and government—and the Kashag (Supreme Tibetan Cabinet) by unanimous vote denounced the seventeen-point treaty between China and Tibet on grounds of persistent violations by the Chinese. Tibet was proclaimed, in consequence, to be fully sovereign and independent. The Kashag formally called on the Chinese occupation forces to withdraw forthwith. From the legal standpoint as from the moral, therefore, the fighting in Tibet is not a "revolt" of the Tibetans against Chinese authority, but an international war of aggression by Communist China against the Tibetan nation.

● "No More Nonsense!" is the slogan of a revolution sweeping American high schools, declared Columbia University President Grayson Kirk at groundbreaking ceremonies last week for a new engineering center. The life adjustment brand of child therapy is being discarded in favor of the fundamental liberal arts. Students, said Dr. Kirk, are learning to read instead of acquiring "reading readiness." "While we in the colleges and universities have been somewhat smug about our scholarly probity . . . the high schools have begun to be transformed." President Kirk failed to mention that the prime nursery for the nonsense he deplored was his own university's Teachers College, guided by Columbia professors John Dewey, William Kirkpatrick and George Counts.

● The bland, materialistic social engineering of the city planners often escapes scrutiny by cloaking itself in the mantle of altruism. Everybody is against slums, faulty plumbing, littered streets, ramshackle tenements. And when Robert Moses or his Chicago counterpart shuffles his blueprints and comes up with the latest dream-map for urban renewal—such as the plan to rebuild the Bowery into housing developments and factory sites—who can say no without risking his humanitarian party-card? Well, critic Dwight Macdonald, for one. "Planning from the top down," Macdonald told Harvard students at a Law School coffee hour, "has always been a terrible deterrent to individual incentive." Area relocation projects breed as much crime as any Skid Row. They disrupt a "well-functioning slum" where people have learned

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to cope with their problems, to solve them in their own way. It is fatuous to give them a new environment without teaching them how to survive in it. It is very important, Macdonald said, for people to make their own decisions.

Professor C. Northcote Parkinson, of Parkinson's Law fame, has addressed a note to editors. "Sir," he writes, "I am engaged in a study of the ways in which governments waste the money they receive in revenue, not merely in the excessive establishments of existing departments but upon departments which should not exist and projects which should never have been undertaken. I should be grateful if any of your readers would send me details . . ." We wish the Professor well in his project (incidentally, his job might be simplified if he were to take out a subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW). But, in view of the groaning sacks of mail that will shortly be arriving on the doorstep of Hinshaw and Stuhlmann, Professor Parkinson's literary agents, at 10 East 44th Street, New York City, we suspect that the old boy has been made the victim of a conspiracy to bail out the U.S. Post Office.

It is not absolutely clear why Eddie Fisher and Elizabeth Taylor are going to be officially married by Rabbi Max Nussbaum on May 11 next, when the marriage has so to speak already been celebrated by Max Lerner of the New York *Post,* who, overcome last week by the spectacle of the young couple's round the clock togetherness, pronounced his "welcome (of) this forthright celebration of the life of the senses . . ." It is perhaps all those finicky and extrasensory legal and moral questions that will cause the young couple to bow their heads and receive the benediction of a sternly monogamous rite. Indeed, Miss Taylor is on record as saying that she and her husband "*respect* public opinion," though adding of course the qualification which so inspires Mr. Lerner —"but you can't *live* by it. If we lived by it, Eddie and I would have been *terribly* unhappy through all this turmoil. But I can shamelessly say that we have been terribly *happy.* I am literally rising above it." Leaving behind her, huddled in the fever swamps of the conventional morality, the prophets, the saints, and their wretched and benighted disciples.

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Mr. Nixon's Nostrum

Mr. Richard Nixon's speech before the Academy of Political Science showed that high degree of political unrealism that is the curse of the West, in its defense of itself against Communism. The Vice President of the United States, whose insights into the Communist problem have often proved penetrating, addressing the nation's top political scientists, initiated a drive to give to the International Court of Justice, now the principal judicial organ of the United Nations, authority to adjudicate disputes arising between nations out of disagreements as to the meaning of existing treaties.

Mr. Nixon volunteered an unprofitable illustration. The difficulty between the Soviet Union and the United States, he said, exists not so much because there is an absence of formal agreements between the two nations, but because differences arise as to the *meaning* of the agreements. Consider, said Mr. Nixon, the Summit Conference at Geneva in 1955. There are those who think of it as a failure; yet "in terms of agreements as such it was a success. Those who participated in the conference," Mr. Nixon explained, "including Mr. Khrushchev, agreed at Geneva on a sound method for dealing with the German problem—the very same problem from which he has now fathered the new crisis at Berlin. But while the agreement seemed clear, as events subsequently developed, Mr. Khrushchev's understanding of its meaning was ostensibly [manifestly?] different from ours."

Mr. Nixon's solution: Bring differences over the meaning of an agreement before the International Court for a settlement binding on both parties.

Mr. Nixon's proposal is a waste of time for the reason that it advances as relevant to the solution of our difficulties, judicial proceedings to which Communists are in principle indifferent. Any revolutionary worth his salt will eat Rule By Law for breakfast. The difficulty with Khrushchev over Berlin does not trace to his having misunderstood the meaning of the Geneva Agreement but to his judging it no longer serviceable to the revolution, any more than he has found serviceable the forty-one treaties with us which, at last count, the Soviet Union has unabashedly broken.

The International Court of Justice is composed of fifteen men elected by the General Assembly and the Security Council of the United Nations, and so reflects the composition of the United Nations, which these days is split between Communist and non-Communist countries. The idea that one could approach such a court in any dispute in which the Soviet Union is involved and get other than a political decision, is absurd. And the suggestion that if the Court's decision were against the Communists the Soviet Union

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would submit to it is, once again, unrealistic. The implicit notion that there would be a residual advantage to the West in having the majority of the Supreme Court of the UN go on record as siding with us next time the Soviet Union tosses over a treaty, is, still again, naive; for the United Nations has not, and will not accumulate moral force, so long as it numbers Communists among its constituents. And on the negative side, there would always be at least a minority of "judges" ruling solemnly in favor of the most recent Communist abuse of the law. It does no service to the law to increase the authority of any judicial body in which Communists are permitted to go about dressed as judges.

More than a waste of time, we regret to say. For Mr. Nixon tossed into the proposal a putative willingness by the United States to repeal the Connally Act of 1946 and be prepared, hereafter, to surrender to the International Court the authority to decide whether or not complaints based on a treaty come under its jurisdiction. Conceivably a suit could arise in which some foreign government, appealing to some abstraction or other in the United Nations Treaty, or Covenant of Human Rights, might some day ask the International Court to set aside the U.S. immigration or education laws. To surrender in an age of *Machtpolitik* the technicality by which we can in the last analysis, assert our sovereignty over our own affairs, is to stand guard over a shrine after ostentatiously tossing away one's rifle.

In a word: it does no service to the cause Mr. Nixon seeks to serve to go about solemnly advancing nice parliamentary devices for settling outstanding differences with the Soviet Union. To do so is to give life to the illusion that we are dealing with a law-abiding nation, concerned for the peaceful evolution of the affairs of the world. If anyone puts on a costume and participates in the sham, who will be left knowing that is what it is?

The Rum-Runners

Reports continue to leak out on an acrimonious fight within the bosom of the family of American Ambassadors of the Caribbean area at their meeting last week in El Salvador. The factions were apparently led by Mr. Philip W. Bonsal, our new ambassador to Cuba, a career officer, and Mr. Robert C. Hill, ambassador to Mexico, a political appointee. The disagreements were embodied in the controversial person of Fidel Castro: what should be the attitude of the United States toward Latin American governments which announce (usually in anti-Yankee rhetoric) their intention of remaking the political face of another Latin American country.

Specifically, Venezuela under Romulo Betancourt (a sometime Communist, inveterate leftwinger but who has recently shown a healthy shortness of breath in trying to keep up with Fidel Castro) and Cuba under Castro, are dedicated to the "liberation" of the Dominican Republic, which has gone along for a great many years under the dictatorship of a brilliant toughfisted egomaniac, Rafael Trujillo—whose foreign policy has consistently harmonized with our own. The Bonsal career wing evidently favored lining the United States up with the revolutionists; the Hill wing took the position it is wiser to let individual nations in Latin America evolve their own political system free of American interference.

Mr. Hill prevailed, at least as far as one can tell, for the report of the conference urged the United States to cooperate more closely with the Organization of American States to "maintain peace and tranquility in the Caribbean area," and deplored "revolutionary activities in various countries directed at the overthrow of the governments of other countries."

The line-up was interesting: the politically appointed officers seemed to show a more mature concern for the best interests of the United States, which most certainly lie in resisting the temptation to impose our political folkways and mores on every island in the Caribbean, however proud we may be of our model republic. While the "experts", the career officers, turned out to be the ideological rum-runners, the romanticists, prepared to foster another revolution so soon after the last one, which delivered Cuba into the hands of that irrepressible harangue-outang of the Carribbean, Dr. Fidel Castro.

Der Alte Sees His Duty

We never really know in exactly what measure a great man makes or is made by history. If a leader shapes a nation's course, it is the nation that has selected, or accepted, this man and not another as guide. In the case of Konrad Adenauer the identity between the man and the people that he has led over so critical a phase of their national destiny has been of a remarkable intimacy. Chancellor Adenauer has been in his own person the exact symbol of the rebirth of the German Federal Republic from the black ashes, literal as well as figurative, of a foul despotism and a crushing defeat.

Konrad Adenauer, at the age of eighty-three, is making one more and probably his last major political move as the responsible leader of his people. So far as we can judge, he is shifting from his office as chief of government (Chancellor) to the, formally, much less powerful post of chief of state (President) —not because he means to retire, but, granted all circumstances, in order best to continue to exert influence over his country's affairs. For two years Dr.

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Adenauer's health has been weakened by respiratory ailments, and he could not expect to go on as active party leader and Chancellor to and through the next election. Perhaps encouraged by General de Gaulle's example, Dr. Adenauer sees in the shift to the Presidential office a means to guarantee, from above the factional parliamentary battle, the continuity of his own principles, to solve the ticklish electoral situation created by the candidacy of the popular and able—but socialist—Carlo Schmidt; and—most difficult of all in regimes where one man has been outstanding—to secure an orderly succession.

By present indications the brilliant Minister of Economics, Ludwig Erhard, who has directed "the economic miracle," will succeed. "God created each one of us differently," Dr. Erhard declared to a reporter who asked about possible changes of policy—and undoubtedly there will be tactical changes under an Erhard government. "But it would be completely false," Dr. Erhard added, "to suppose that the shift foreshadowed any basic change in foreign policy. . . . The loyalty between the Chancellor and me resulted from agreement in our assessment of the political situation and above all the foreign political situation."

Binding Wounds is not Enough

Mr. Lowell Thomas, as Chairman, has announced formation of an American Emergency Committee for Tibetan Refugees, which has cabled the Dalai Lama that it will "mobilize public support for Tibetan refugee relief" in confidence that "the American people, steeped in the heritage of aiding all who struggle for freedom no matter where, will respond generously in a program of maximum assistance to the new victims of political oppression in Asia." Mr. Marvin Liebman, who has so ably administered the campaign of the Committee of One Million (against the admission of Communist China to the UN), will act as Executive Vice Chairman. The list of sponsors ranges from Norman Thomas and Herbert H. Lehman to Admiral Arthur W. Radford, Dr. Daniel A. Poling and General Albert C. Wedemeyer; including, indeed, as a novelty in such company, Justice Wm. O. Douglas, whose world travels included Tibet not long ago.

We have nothing but praise for this committee, its objective, and the sentiments that led to its formation. The many fine names among its founders, a number of them old friends of NATIONAL REVIEW, are a sufficient guarantee of its integrity in purpose and fiscal management. We commend it to our readers, and note that they may find out more about it by communicating with Mr. Liebman at the Committee's office, 17 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

At the same time, a further question keeps troubling us. Will anything, anything at all that happens on the international scene, ever stimulate a distinguished group of Americans—just such a group as this one—to initiate an "American Committee for Support of the Freedom Fighters of ———— (Tibet, Hungary, Indonesia . . ., East Germany . . ., Russia)"? Is our "heritage of aiding all who struggle for freedom" limited to passing out coffee and doughnuts to the victims *after* they have been defeated? That was not the way many Americans supported the side toward which they inclined in the Spanish Civil War, the Chinese resistance to Japan, the Zionist struggle for Palestine, the campaigns of the Irish Republican Army. What is it about anti-Communist fighters that makes it permissible to help them only after it's too late?

Even today it is not excluded that the Dalai Lama and his people would think guns a more appropriate gift than soup kitchens.

The Shortened Work Week

As prosperity mounts certain pockets of unemployment still persist, notably in the Michigan, Pennsylvania and Chicago areas. How bad is this unemployment? Does it threaten to become chronic? And what, if anything, should Washington do about it?

The conservative, confronting such questions, risks condemnation for having the hide and conscience of a walrus if he remarks that the current unemployment figure of 4.7 million is only 1.7 million above the normal and unavoidable temporary unemployment due to job-changing ("frictional unemployment," the economists call it). "Only 1.7 million"! The number consists, after all, of human beings who worry, lose sleep, crave food, need clothing against the winter and must, even as their 63 million employed brethren, pony up money for the rent.

The question remains: what can government do about it? Addressing several thousand unionists in the National Armory in Washington, D.C., AFL-CIO President George Meany called for a shortened work week in order to spread the available jobs over a larger number of men. Almost in the same breath Mr. Meany asked for hourly wage increases. Mr. Meany was counting on Congress to legislate the shorter hours, if not to raise the minimum wage.

Providing scholarly backing for Mr. Meany (see the weekly *New Leader* for April 13), W. S. Woytinsky, a reputable Johns Hopkins economist, came up with a sliding scale approach to the problem of absorbing the unemployed. Said Mr. Woytinsky: "A fair solution . . . might provide a raise of 5 per cent a year [in hourly wages] for the next three years, with the understanding that weekly hours of work will be reduced from 40 to 39 the first year, to 37

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hours the second year and to 35 hours the third year."

Inasmuch as NATIONAL REVIEW believes that rising productivity should pay off in augmented leisure as well as in higher wages and dividends, it is not against the idea of a shorter work week in principle. The blunt truth, however, is that labor itself is not too keen on a shorter week even at slightly higher hourly rates. True, the employed worker would not object to an official 35-hour week if he could go on spending forty or more hours at his bench or lathe with double pay for the extra hours. But this is not what Mr. Meany and Mr. Woytinsky have in mind; the object of their solicitude is not the employed man but the man who currently has no job at all. To be effective in soaking up the pockets of unemployment, a legislative enactment of the 35-hour week would have to stipulate: "No overtime unless and until unemployment is reduced below 3 million."

Such a stipulation would, of course, do great damage to the economy. For labor does not exist as a pool, or lump, of interchangeable units; it consists of men and women with widely varying skills. To take an obvious example, what if the tool and die business were to require an increase in the hourly employment of labor in a region where there were no unemployed tool and die makers? Clearly, a law forcing unskilled navvies or farm field hands on the tool and die manufacturers would be highly impractical, not to say tyrannical. To couple a compulsory 35-hour work week with a government order against overtime would saddle industry with higher costs. It would compel industry to speed up to a still faster rate of automation that is one cause of the reduction of jobs in such industries as autos and steel. The net effect would be more unemployment, not less. Labor itself would revolt against the notion: indeed, the greatest appeal of the present 40-hour—as against the old 48-hour week—is that it has enabled the worker to get more overtime pay or even to take *two* jobs, one for the day and the other during the "moonlight" hours of the early evening.

It is an illusion, then, to think that Congress can do much toward affecting the unemployment situation by putting a compulsory limitation on hours of work. There are other things it can do, which we shall call to its attention in due course.

Bombs, Bans, and Verbosity

After a six weeks' suspension, the conference on banning nuclear tests has resumed in Geneva, and is proceeding in the normal mode of negotiations between Communists and non-Communists: namely, concession to the Communist stand by the non-Communists, and reiterated vetoes by the Communists. The Chairman of the U.S. delegation, Mr. James J. Wadsworth, has offered a proposal to suspend, as "a first step toward a total ban," all tests under water and in the atmosphere, leaving underground and above-air tests alone for the time being. Since all tests in the atmosphere and large-scale tests underwater could be effectively monitored by existing facilities and a few additional fixed control posts, we have met previous Soviet objections against mobile, internationally manned inspection teams roving (as "foreign spies") on their territory. Just the same, Semyon K. Tsarapkin, the MVD agent who heads the Soviet delegation, declared at once: "This is nothing." Nothing, he presumably means, compared to the further concessions he aims to get before he is through.

This new U. S. proposal has been urged by several members of Congress, in particular by Senator Frank Church and Representative Albert Cole. As it stands —though not as "a first step" to a total ban—NATIONAL REVIEW supports it, as we stated editorially several months ago. Banning atmospheric and underwater tests while continuing underground and above-air tests would: a) eliminate radioactive fallout, the potential danger of which is real even if grotesquely exaggerated by Pauling, Cousins and Co.; b) be open to comparatively easy detection of violations by either side; and c) permit us to conduct the test program necessary for requisite military and civilian nuclear development.

We shall be content, therefore, if Mr. Wadsworth hews to this line. We are constrained to observe, however, that meanwhile, month after month, as Comrade Tsarapkin keeps talking and agrees to nothing, he has got what he wants: we are doing no testing at all, anywhere, in earth, water, air or space.

Mr. Republican, Remembered

On the northeast slope of Capitol Hill, a short walk from the Senate wing, there is a new monument: a 100-foot tower of pure white Tennessee marble, housing twenty-seven matched bells. It was built by public subscription, and will be maintained perpetually by the Congress, in tribute to the late Senator Robert A. Taft.

There were ironies enough in the dedication ceremony last Tuesday to sate the most avid collector. Scarcely a block away, to the north, stands the gleaming new Teamsters headquarters—the house that Predatory Labor built, in contemptuous scorn of Taft's courageous efforts to curb Big Union power. The carillon itself was formally presented to the Congress by the Honorary Chairman of the foundation that was organized to finance it, Dwight D. Eisenhower, whose historic function it had been to stand between Taft and the Presidency.

But that morning these were mere dime-a-dozen

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incongruities that lent their strange tints to the afterglow of a tremendous lifetime. In the throng that gathered to hear the speeches and the bells, few failed to sense the meaning of the occasion.

Some men are born to die in obscurity, without perceptible effect upon their time. Others are cast by Fortune to move effortlessly, triumph to triumph.

There is another kind: the man whose life, when it is over, turns out to have had a lasting significance capable of surviving every disaster that came its way, and greater than any combination of achievements in it. Robert Taft was such a man.

Our age puts high value on the approval of transitory majorities, and so is especially prone to underestimate such a man while he lives among us. Diligence, profundity, steadfastness, integrity; a life synchronized with moral principle; an incorruptible devotion to morality in politics—such qualities seem bloodless when pitted against the showier attributes of men who look well in pancake make-up and television blue. But when a man's life has ended, and thoughtful people pause to pass a lasting judgment, the perspective shifts. That is why it is said, "A tree's best measured when it's down."

And that is why, less than six years after his death, a shining monument to the memory of Robert Taft was presented last Tuesday, by his greatest Republican adversary, to a Democratic Congress that still remembers him, affectionately, as "Mr. Republican," member of a Senate that recently designated him among the five greatest senators in history. There is no comparable memorial in Washington to any other American statesman of this century. Franklin Roosevelt, to be sure, is memorialized after a fashion: by the hasty addition to our Constitutional structure of an amendment barring all future Presidents from such unremitting tenure of the office. Perhaps, in his sly way, FDR would be content to let it go at that. We hope Robert Taft realizes that he finally won the most important election.

Off-Broadway Religion

The Reverend Curtis Crawford is a young man anxious to put some spiritual stuffing into the scarecrow of social reform that stalks our land. "We need," he says, "a church sensitive enough to convict men of their collective guilt for social evil, and powerful enough to serve as an instrument for prevention and reform." To this end, Mr. Crawford has founded the Serious Liberal Church. It congregates Sundays at eleven, at the Circle-in-the-Square in Greenwich Village—which doubles as an off-Broadway theater when the sun goes down.

"The Serious Liberal Church," Mr. Crawford told a reporter, "is not a Christian Church. My concern is with Reality. I'm not interested in 'Christian' truth but in truth. I'm not interested in Christian society, but in good society." And Mr. Crawford has dedicated his church to "social reform" as the means to the good society. He requires his parishioners (a motley crew of starving souls from the Village bistros and garret-estates) to ask questions, participate in Socratic discussion periods, and submit written work.

Mr. Crawford is not only anxious; he is ambitious. The pregnant question of his inaugural sermon: Does God Exist? The equally pregnant reply: It depends on what you mean by God; a serious Liberal answer if ever we heard one.

"One of the reasons we're the best-informed people in the world and elect such magnificent candidates to office is our daily access to the Unvarnished Truth!"

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Council of All-Russians

Representatives of Russian refugee, emigre, and exile organizations gathered here two weeks ago to embark upon an informational campaign for the benefit of the American public. Chaired by Colonel Serge Kondratovitch, anti-Communist Russians met with conservative newspaper editors in New York's "House of Free Russia" to plan an effective program of anti-Communist activity here in the United States.

Russian nationalists often have their own axe to grind, as any Ukrainian, e.g., will tell you. But, coalescing under the masthead of the Council of All-Russian Nationalists, the delegates will work for three admirable ends: 1) to provide information to the press and public on touring Russian artists, farmers, "students," and "unofficial" ambassadors of the Mikoyan stripe; 2) to attempt to correct misrepresentations of Russian history; and 3) to organize a bureau of experts on Soviet economy, history, military operations, education, and politics.

To achieve this, the Council will maintain a file, complete with addresses and telephone numbers, of reliable authorities on key Soviet problems. Their service will be available to any responsible publication.

Charity, Ltd.

A letter from a reader:

"A few weeks ago, seeking to dispatch a modest parcel of groceries to a great-uncle in the Soviet Union, I called on an outfit listed in the New York Directory as Parcels to Russia, Inc.

"There were six or seven clients in the shop when I introduced myself to the burly, fair-haired clerk. He told me that most of the parcels shipped from abroad without prepayment of duties and other charges were refused by the recipients in the Soviet Union and returned to the senders. The only way to send packages, it appears, is to deal with an agency licensed by the Soviet Union to collect duties in the United States.

"Whereupon I was presented with a variety of packaged agglomerations of groceries, ready to go. I declined, and went instead to a nearby grocery where I bought cooking oil, table sugar, flour, honey, chocolate, prunes, barley and soup at a total cost of $3.25. I had exactly duplicated the contents of parcel #J11, made up by the Agency.

"Returning with the bundle, I was told that the charges, fees, duties and postage came to $18.06 ($8.80 of which is a 'service fee'). The clerk informed me that my purchases weighed fourteen pounds. The identical items, I noted, prepared by the Agency, weighed only eleven pounds. Through CARE a similar package, all charges included, costs $6.00. But CARE is forbidden by the Soviets to operate in Russia."

Notes and Asides

People are expressing surprise all over the place at the strangest things. Mr. Lyle M. Spencer, President of Science Research Associates of Chicago is "surprised" that NATIONAL REVIEW should have criticized some of his educational material, notably an essay on Hamilton ("a social climber, like most great leaders of conservative causes . . ."), and one on U.S. foreign policy "Some of our highly placed military men, regarding war as inevitable . . . have urged that the United States touch off the holocaust by dropping the first bombload. . . ." Like who?). We in turn are surprised that Mr. Spencer is surprised that a conservative weekly journal of opinion should call public attention to the use of pseudo-psychological mush-mash and pacifist scaretalk on unwary 6th graders. We were most gratified when the principal of the Levittown schools announced publicly that the material would be withdrawn, pending a review of it in the light of NATIONAL REVIEW's criticisms; and were not surprised, when, on review, it was judged unsuitable for 6th graders.

With this issue we begin Volume VII of NATIONAL REVIEW. An index to Volume VI will appear in the Magazine shortly, and can then be removed and bound with the issues in that volume.

Pursuant to postal regulations, the issues in the new Volume VII will be numbered in sequence, without regard to whether they are 32-page Magazine issues or 8-page Bulletin issues. Persons and libraries maintaining separate sets of one or the other can be sure they have all issues of a particular type if they will remember that the *odd numbers* are the Bulletin issues, while the *even numbers* (beginning with this week's No. 2) are the Magazine issues.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER, PUBLISHER

Our Contributors: HERBERT A. KENNEY ("Sensationalism and the Dead Sea Scrolls") is a reporter on the *Boston Globe* and former night editor of the *Boston Post*. . . . HUGH KENNER ("The Sureness of Belloc"), already known to the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW for his frequent book reviews, is also the author of *Wyndham Lewis, The Poetry of Ezra Pound,* and *James Joyce*. . . . DIOGENES ("Time for the Ancient Verities") is a regular columnist for the British conservative weekly, *Time and Tide*.

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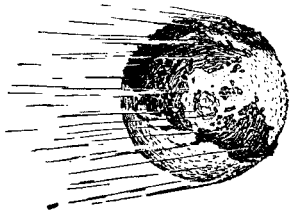

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Watch Out for That Back Door!

As President Eisenhower and General Norstadt try with such patience and resolution to bring the lumbering, reluctant forces of the West to bear concertedly on Berlin, I find myself recalling the strategic inference that I drew last November: "The main Communist thrust continues to be into the Middle East, and through the Middle East to Africa." Nothing that has happened seems to me to modify that conclusion.

I do not mean that Khrushchev had no serious objectives in mind when he launched his challenge on Berlin, or that the Middle East and Africa are "more important" than Europe. The critical importance of the Middle East and Africa, indeed, is precisely as a road, a detour, to Europe (and to America). For the next decades, at least, all of huge Africa weighs much lighter in the world balance than the small West European peninsula. But the direct route from Russia to West Europe is blocked.

Trotsky and Lenin found that out in 1918-21 as they marched against Poland and vainly called on the workers of Germany to rise and join the revolution. Stalin discovered it again as the bone of shattered Europe hardened, with the help of American surgery and nursing, against his advance into the vacuum left by defeated Germany—though this time the Russians penetrated the forward posts before they were held.

The Beckoning Khrushchev

And Khrushchev will find the lesson reconfirmed as he hits the barrier. In spite of the confusion in the NATO camp, in spite of the conflicting voices magnified to bellows through sensation-mongering headlines, the West is not going to yield anything essential in this Berlin crisis.

Did Khrushchev really believe that in this present phase he could make a major gain by his Berlin challenge? It does not seem likely. The Berlin move, directly and immediately threatening a vital enemy zone, was advertised too blatantly. It was so obviously a provocation! The enemy, moreover, already had great power focused on the named target, and could readily bring much more—in fact overwhelming—power to bear in its defense. It is as if the quarterback not merely decided on a play directly through center, but signalled it in advance to the opposing team.

When you think it over, the way Khrushchev has handled the Berlin crisis from the time he first provoked it five months ago has simply *invited* a focusing of Western attention, energy, and political and military power on the German front. Does this not suggest that he has deliberately drawn the enemy's main force to one theater in order to cover the active thrust that he mounts in quite another?

Nothing but Talk

Is this not what the record shows? In Germany, since November, nothing has happened except a lot of talk. In the Middle East and Africa during these same five months there has been a rapid Soviet advance against only sporadic and confused counter-action. Moscow, having used Nasser to chase the West from Suez, now uses Kassem to push the West out of Iraq. Our technicians and the British troops are departed; and this week the RAF completes the evacuation of the great Habbiniya airfield which has been an integral link in the West's strategic chain. Iraq nears the point at which it will be transformed quite literally into a Soviet base, linking Transcaucasia with the Persian Gulf by the land route without which Russian landsmen never feel secure.

In central Africa wild rioting in which Communist agents invariably play their provoking part, has been hurled against the structure by which Belgium and Britain try to keep some sort of ordered and functioning community together. In Africa's west, off the hump of Brazil, Communist agents, money and arms pour from Communist ships into Communist-trained Sekou Touré's independent Guinea.

Defense is No Defense

The West is able to deal with a direct, frontal assault, even when, as in Korea, it is on a distant and inconvenient stage. The Communists know this, and therefore they do not persist in a frontal assault against gathered resistance. They follow a strategy of indirect approach in both a geographical and a qualitative sense. They move toward their objective by detours around its flanks and rear; and they move, by preference, not by the straightforward weapon of open military onslaught, but—also indirectly—by psychological and political sapping behind the lines.

This is one other reason why only a positive counter-strategy—a policy of liberation—can be in the long run a defense against the Communist world drive. We can hold in Germany; we can hold, for that matter, in Rhodesia or Iraq or Guinea or wherever we gather force and will to make a stand. But we cannot hold everywhere at once always, if we grant the wily enemy freedom to maneuver without any threat to his own lines.

Holding firm in Germany, the real defense of Africa would be to compel the enemy to draw back his forces in order to deal with troubles of his own. We could best defend Africa and Iraq by giving at least as much support to the Tibetans as Moscow gives to its adherents in Iraq. Last week's news of the purge in Byelorussia is a symptom of tensions there that we could exploit to reduce those tensions a little further west in Germany. Surely a principal method of defending *West* Germany could be a stepped-up political warfare campaign centered on *East* Germany.

Why not, in short, keep Khrushchev busy at home?

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Sensationalism and the Dead Sea Scrolls

Have the Qumran discoveries depreciated the traditional claims of Christianity? Not at all, says the author, in taking issue with Edmund Wilson's interpretation.

HERBERT A. KENNEY

Recently the monthly bulletin of a private corporation called the Aerial Phenomenon Research Organization, with headquarters at Alamogordo, N.M., quoted Dr. Carl G. Jung, the eminent psychologist, as declaring that there were flying saucers and that they indicated the existence of a non-earth intelligence. The scholar felt constrained to deny the declaration and issued a statement from his retreat at Kusnacht in Switzerland.

Reports of flying saucers he put down to man's inclination toward the "savior myth"; the need, said to exist in all of us, to have someone "save" us from something. In the case of persons "seeing" flying saucers or "believing" in such reports, the victims of the delusion are looking for super-intelligences to arrive who will save us from world devastation, the doctor said in effect.

Surely this was the very human trait that led certain secular scholars and journalists and critics to leap feet first into the famous Qumran excavations and, seizing the Dead Sea scrolls, beat Christian believers about the head and shoulders with them.

What is perhaps most interesting about the Dead Sea Scrolls, evident now with the archaeological dust settling, is the state of mind of certain secularists in their approach to the possible implications of the scrolls and their historical impact.

It is eleven years now since two Bedouin goatherds, both of them boys, found some tall clay jars and seven antique scrolls in a cave in those scorched desolate wastes above the Dead Sea. The story has been told and retold how some of the scrolls came into the hands of the Syrian Metropolitan Athanasius Yeshue Samuel at the Monastery of St. Mark in the Arab sector of Jerusalem, and some into the hands of Professor E. L. Sukenik of the Hebrew University in the Holy City.

Those were the days of open Arab-Israeli warfare, and it was some time before the story of the documents could be put before the public. Almost immediately it was evident that one of the great archaeological discoveries of all time had been made. The chance violation of the dry still air of the Jordan cave by two Bedouins had given the world its oldest Biblical documents—almost twice as old as the oldest we possessed.

Excavations Begun

As soon as the potential was recognized, one of the great cooperative projects of scholars of all faiths was organized. Search was begun for more caves, a search that still continues. Excavations were begun on what was for years thought to have been an old Roman fort but has since proved an Essene monastery. Examination of the nature, content and significance of the first scrolls began immediately.

Over the ten-year period, four caves in particular have yielded incredible treasures. Briefly the find was this:

In Cave One, a scroll giving the oldest Biblical text in the world, the greater part of the Book of the prophet Isaiah. A commentary on the first two chapters of the Book of Habakkuk; a second text of Isaiah, a group of thanksgiving psalms, a scroll entitled "The War Between the Children of Light and the Children of Darkness"; an exegesis on Genesis. The first cave was excavated under the direction of G. Lankester Harding, then Director of Antiquities of the Kingdom of Jordan, and the Rev. Roland de Vaux, O.P., of the Dominican École Biblique. From coins, tools and accommodations found in the Qumran *wadi* they were able to tell much of its history.

In Cave Two were found almost a hundred fragments of the books of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Jeremiah, Psalms and Ruth. Cave Three produced a copper scroll, taken to Manchester, England, to be sawed open and studied. Cave Four gave up tens of thousands of fragments, scraps of manuscripts, a veritable bonanza of archaeological and philological materials. A dozen caves produced almost 350 manuscripts or scrolls. These are on linen, parchment, leather and other substances. Some are in such poor condition that they may never be unrolled. Others are in an almost miraculous state of preservation.

The best scholarship agrees that these scrolls were the library of some Essenes, a monastic sect of Jews that flourished just before the birth of Jesus Christ and throughout His lifetime. The Tenth Roman Legion is believed to have driven them out and perhaps annihilated them about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. The monks evidently hid the scrolls lest they be destroyed.

Re-examinations

So much for the background of the scrolls, which are still being translated. The salient parts have already found their way into print and English translation. The examination of the remainder will go on for years. The over-all estimates, the re-examinations, the philological studies, the deepening understanding of the Old and New Testaments, will go on for centuries.

These documents relate directly to

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the time of Christ and have direct and immediate bearing on much of the mystery of the life of St. John the Baptist who certainly had an important relationship to the Essenes and may well have been a member of the Qumran brotherhood. Thus, these scrolls and the associated excavations are going to throw intense light on the New Testament.

One thing seems quite certain to the overwhelming majority of the scholars who have scrutinized the scrolls. The discoveries at Qumran have in no way depreciated the traditional claims of Christianity; on the contrary, the contents of the documents have strengthened the orthodox Christian position.

For example, it was popular with many "liberal" scholars in the early part of this century to insist that the Gospel of St. John was not the work of the Disciple, as contended by the Church of Rome, but rather the work of some poetic Greek writing 200 to 300 years after the death of Christ. The uniqueness of the Gospel according to St. John has always been recognized. The graphic differences between this tremendous document and the three Synoptic Gospels are immediately apparent. The emphasis on the Logos at the opening of the book seemed ever so much more Gnostic than Jewish, as much Platonic as Christian. The gospel was always a special object of attack by rationalist and secularist critics and it is easy to believe that their assault on the authenticity of the book worked at fever pitch because the author stressed so unequivocally the claims of Jesus to be God.

'Children of Light'

Now the contents of the Dead Sea scrolls pretty well dispose of this contention. The Gospel of St. John, far from taking its tone from the Gnostics of the second century, seems more likely to have taken it from the Essenes.

Detailed examples could be given of this, but it is enough to emphasize the continuing contrasts between "light" and "darkness" that we find in the Gospel of St. John and the chief Essene documents—the Rule of the Brotherhood and the so-called War of the Children of Light and the Children of Darkness—that were found in the cave. It has long been acknowledged that the author of the Fourth Gospel knew Palestine as a man knows the palm of his own hand; but certain scholars maintained that the thought and language were centuries apart from the time of Christ and not merely one man's lifetime. The Qumran discoveries demonstrate that the mode of thought and the language were as Jewish as the Essenes and as contemporary to Christ. Some secular scholars are now ready to grant the Johannine gospel to be the most Jewish of all.

This is but one example of how the Qumran discoveries have bolstered the Christian position. To take another example, it was long common to say that the idea of bishops was utterly foreign to the Jews and to the early Christian church. But the Essenes are now seen to have put great stress on leaders to whom they gave the Hebrew name that becomes *episkopoi* when brought into the Greek.

From this one can find reason to believe it quite congenial to the historical facts that a Church, with bishops and a transmitting organization, existed before the Gospels were composed, and that the Gospels were not composed with—so much—the intention of making church members as assuring members of an already existing church.

Such disclosures have tended to support the Christian position rather than weaken it. But this is not the general impression in intellectual circles—let us say at the Book of the Month Club level—in the United States. Rather, the impression grows that Christ has been revealed as having been simply a member of the Essene community, preaching its doctrines and seeking to model His life after a precursor known to them as the Teacher of Righteousness, perhaps a religious genius who it was believed was martyred and returned from the dead. The impression is widespread that the Dead Seas scrolls have shown Christianity to have been not a thing unique, but an extravagant development of a forgotten Jewish sect, and hence, a little less than divine.

Wilson's Popularization

Nothing has served to broadcast this myth more effectively than the book, *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea,* by Edmund Wilson, published by the Oxford University Press in New York in 1955. The book, which runs only 121 pages, is an expansion of a series of articles that appeared in the *New Yorker,* which sent Wilson abroad to bring the story of the scrolls to the United States in popular form, comprehensive and correct. Stylistically the book is well written. For petty bias, it is tragic; for naiveté, it is pathetic. Any number of scholars have pointed out the fallacies involved in Wilson's analysis, detailing the misinformation on which his declarations are based. But no retraction or correction has been made.

He is evidently content to let the import of his book imply that the meaning of the scrolls is (in his words) "that the rise of Christianity should, at last, be generally understood as simply an episode of human history rather than propagated as dogma and divine revelation." He also implied that any number of religious scholars throughout the world were afraid to face up to the significance of the scrolls; and that New Testament scholars were all but boycotting them. These allegations were simply not true. One might, rather, say Mr. Wilson is boycotting the work of the scholars who have discredited so much of what he wrote; who have definitively discredited the body of his main thesis which he nevertheless permits to remain on the record.

The most virulent secularist conclusions of Mr. Wilson were based on a book written by André Dupont-Sommer of the Sorbonne. Mr. Dupont-Sommer subsequently modified his first extravagant opinions but Mr. Wilson's document still goes from the shelves of libraries throughout the world carrying the original erroneous statements and implications. *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea* carries with it all the currency, vogue and

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reputation of one of America's leading literary critics, a man of style and popularity, who is presumed to have the scholarly probity to correct untruths and retract such charges as he has made that are later proved to be unfounded.

Reading *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea* one soon learns that Mr. Wilson regards Ernest Renan as the ideal Biblical scholar, the exemplar of pure scholarship. One can sense in the pages of this proficient book that Mr. Wilson was astonished when Dupont-Sommer told him that Renan today is a little "vieux." But surely there were hints that Renan knew his original assault on the Christian view of Christ to have become a little "vieux" within a year of his meeting with Wilson. Mr. Wilson interviewed the Frenchman and was convinced he had found a pure scholar, as indeed the man may be. It is only with Wilson's yardstick that one might quarrel. Dupont-Sommer, Mr. Wilson points out, is an ex-priest. His tone implies he considers this an advantage. It helps raise the scholar into a class with Renan who similarly abandoned his Catholic beliefs, leaving a French seminary the year John Henry Newman entered the Church of Rome. The abandonment of one particular set of beliefs is evidently to be regarded as hallmark of scholarship. The implication in the following statement is plain enough . . . "for, as Tenan first studied for the priesthood, so Dupont-Sommer *was once* an abbé. He is *now 'un pur savant'*, without any religious affiliations; and to an inquirer in the same situation, it is pleasant and reassuring to find that the great secular seekers for truth as well as the Teachers of Righteousness may establish their lasting disciplines."

Anti-Christian

It has not been unusual in the past for ex-abbés to show preferences for the anti-Christian interpretation over the man round with several apologetic statements.

The chances are that Mr. Dupont-Sommer's bias, if any, is a little less than Mr. Wilson's. Certainly, the fact that he is an ex-abbé does not assure his being a disinterested scholar. Nor is there any contradiction in an abbé being a scholar, though Mr. Wilson will not be easily reassured on this point, despite his praise for Father deVaux. Mr. Wilson frets about scholars "who have taken Christian orders or been trained in the rabbinical tradition" who has nevertheless seen fit to deal with the scrolls.

False Thesis

But consider his own extravagant statement: "I had seemed to note, also, on the Christian side a certain reluctance to recognize that the characteristic doctrines of Christianity must have been developed gradually and naturally, in the course of a couple of hundred years, out of a dissident branch of Judaism." The case is proved! Why don't the Christian scholars recognize it? Mr. Wilson said it so flatly; and it just isn't so. Nothing before the Dead Sea scrolls or since hints at a development of the "characteristic" doctrines of Christianity. They came as a thunder clap without clouds—the God-man, vicarious redemption, the Eucharist, the Trinity (despite intimations in Plato).

Mr. Wilson states his thesis and his longing later on. ". . . It would seem an immense advantage for cultural and social intercourse—that is, for civilization—that the rise of Christianity should, at last, be generally understood as simply an episode of human history rather than propagated as dogma and divine revelation. The study of the Dead Sea scrolls—with the direction it is now taking—cannot fail, one would think, to conduce to this." Except in so far as a secularist might think that everything must

among the very many scholars who have devoted themselves objectively and dispassionately to the study of the texts from the desert of Judah, there is none who has subscribed to the extravagant conclusions put forward by Dupont-Sommer and Allegro and their amateur following. All scholars are convinced that these two gentlemen derive their views partly from untenable translations. To maintain that these two alone are objective because they claim to be free from any religous allegiance indicates a prejudice which holds as true what one would like to be true."

The reference bears mostly on the proposition put forward by the three (Wilson popularizing) that the Teacher of Righteousness bore a "hallucinating" resemblance to Jesus Christ. The resemblance is a good deal less than that.

The secularists have their absolutes and one of them is that Christian orthodoxy just cannot be true. History must at some moment turn up a fact that will give orthodoxy its final blight; history can turn up nothing that will demonstrate its truth. Yet orthodoxy happily plays against this stacked deck. If the Christian believes his Savior to have risen; the secularist awaits a savior in a space saucer.

Superstitious Pietism

To paraphrase Mr. Wilson, it would seem an immense advantage for cultural and social intercourse—that is, for civilization—that errors propagated by scholars and writers with the best intentions be acknowledged and corrected so that the mass of men be as well informed as the scholars, critics and journalists can make them. In brief, the unsupported interpretations should not be allowed to stand. Surely the casual acceptance of them is the superstitious pietism of the secular reader.

Scholars have described Mr. Wilson's handling of Biblical texts as

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the organized Essene body of thought:

> One would like to see these problems discussed; and in the meantime, one cannot but ask oneself whether the scholars who have been working on the scrolls—so many of whom have taken Christian orders or been trained in the rabbinical tradition—may not have been somewhat inhibited in dealing with such questions as these by their various religious commitments.

Christian orders and the rabbinical vocation are very personal devotions and rather open commitments, but the question he frames implicitly is no more fair than it would be to ask if any man who has been divorced and remarried two or three times, say, might not be somewhat inhibited in dealing with questions concerning the validity of the historic claims of a system of ethics that would condemn his marital career or careers as retrograde and anti-social. There has been observed time and again in certain authors a bent to destroy any absolute claim or principle because of the way their own lives would stand in the light of it. The real danger here comes if one thinks that a man cannot have a prime duty to truth, rather than to his emotions or that somehow a devotion to Christian dogma somehow will override reason more readily than a devotion to self-indulgence. Scholarship in the United States and the free American dialogue between disputants, if it is to preserve civility and honesty, should eschew the easy *argumentum ad hominem* and cling, however the fingers may bleed, to such crags of truth as do emerge.

Biblical Ignorance

Another misfortune was revealed by the popular discussion of the Dead Sea scrolls. That is the general ignorance not only of recent scholarship relating to times and things Biblical, but of the Bible itself and the Christian claim. The scrolls and the literature that will arise in their wake may do much to correct this. They are a double godsend, and nobody is more delighted than the Christian scholars with this treasure trove of Biblical material.

In this regard, Krister Stendahl of Harvard Divinity School has written: "Wilson also managed to give the impression that Christian scholars all around the world were stunned [at what the scrolls showed] and afraid and that this fact accounted for the slowness of communicating their findings to a larger public. On this latter point, Wilson was certainly wrong, since the pace of publications has obviously been higher in the case of the scrolls than is usual in these areas of research. . . . Apparently the time-table of scholarship and that of journalism are somewhat different." His remarks are made in the introduction to an anthology of a dozen papers dealing with the scrolls and their relation to phases of the Old and New Testaments.

The recourse to impugning the disinterestedness or honesty of scholars, such as we find in Wilson, runs deep. They are fed in some cases by the waters of a perverted absolutism that says absolutely that there can be no absolutes; and that whatever would seem to demonstrate the existence of an Absolute must be denigrated or ignored. They are the waters of a Narcissism and such Gabriel Marcel has named them surely when he writes: This ". . . mode of thought . . . can be conceived . . . as the end of a process of auto-destruction which is going on within a doomed society, within a humanity that has broken or thinks it has broken its ontological moorings."

From this nothingness, secular man must look for a savior, a man or a myth that will disestablish the faith that forged the molten core of Western civilization and establish in its place the gnostic dream of omnipotent man. For secular man has his dogmas and one of them is the doctrine of progress by substitution, long ago delineated by Maritain, where, for example, the oil lamp replaces the candle; gas light, the oil lamp; electricity, the gas light. The doctrine of progress by substitution is opposed to progress by deepening.

Valid as substitution might be in the material realm, as a doctrine it cannot apply to the spiritual realm, for here there are absolutes. The secularist critics hope that Christianity will be replaced by the secular ethic just as Christianity displaced the pagan religions of the ancient world. Some imagined for a moment that the Dead Sea Scrolls were the magic wand that would assure this great substitution, bringing man to the Age of Wisdom.

The Dead Sea Scrolls are contributing to wisdom—to progress by deepening—for they are giving an additional fullness to the appreciation of Judaism and Christianity, and thus enlarging the spirit of man, and will continue to do so for centuries if bleak parochialism does not seek to put them at the service of sensationalism.

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

De Gaulle's Declaration

Here is a real mystery which none of the shrewdest journalists in Europe was able to crack: why de Gaulle, in his speech of March 25, in which he courageously extolled the Franco-German friendship, also underwrite the eastern border of Germany? This created an enormous stir all over Europe; gave cause to countless comments, and displeased the Germans as much as it pleased and surprised the Poles and the Kremlin. There was no urgent reason to touch upon this delicate question. The timing was inopportune, destroying the favorable impression created in the Federal Republic by the balance of the speech.

In Germany comments were extremely sparse and the official *Bulletin* of Bonn, handed out to the journalists, completely ignored the speech. A Federal Government spokesman said that President de Gaulle's insistence that Germany's "present borders" are to be considered permanent, must have been an allusion to her "legal boundaries"—those of 1937, and not the Oder-Neisse line which, it is true, has never been internationally sanctioned. And, it is true that de Gaulle—intentionally or unintentionally—never uttered the fatal words "Oder-Neisse."

Yet it was assumed almost everywhere that he meant the actual border between the "German Democratic Republic" and the "Democratic Popular Republic of Poland," the *Peace Border* as it is called in all Communist communications.

Demarcation Line

This particular demarcation line, established in 1945 at the Yalta and Potsdam Conferences, placed all of Germany east of the Oder and western Neisse in Poland and in the USSR. These countries were given the right to expel the local population—more than nine million Germans—but a final settlement was reserved to a future Peace Conference. Russia's German satellite wholeheartedly endorsed this state of affairs. The German Federal Republic, in which the majority of the refugees now live, has refused to ratify this position and insists that even the Potsdam Agreement referred the final settlement of Germany's frontiers to a formal Peace Treaty. Two blatant wrongs—the transfer of eastern Poland to the Soviet Union (in such desperate need of arable land?) and the transfer of eastern Germany to Poland—do not make a right.

Worthless Signature

The refusal of Free Germany to accept this iniquitous demarcation line depriving it of the birthplaces of Kant, Schopenhauer and Eichendorff is an irritant to Poland. The Warsaw government realizes that, in the long run, the signature of the Pankow puppet government is not worth the paper it is written on. If the Russians were to retire, the irate populace of East Germany would tear its present masters to pieces. Hence the reluctance of Poles to settle in the areas deserted by the Germans. In addition, it would be political suicide for any German government to sign away the Eastern territories. The important votes of the refugees (and their now adult children) would throw it out. Nobody in West Germany can stay in power against the refugee vote represented in all parties.

With all this in mind, why did de Gaulle make his shocking declaration? Was it a trial balloon, an ambiguously worded feeler to discover what precisely would happen? There is little doubt that many Frenchmen, who shudder at the possibility that they may be asked to die not only for Berlin but also for the restoration of Germany's Prussian provinces, were pleased. (Ironic from the historical angle since Prussia was Richelieu's pet ally, one he supported liberally in order to thwart and annoy the Hapsburgs.) But what measure of applause de Gaulle might have received from certain of his countrymen could not but be outweighed by the mighty displeasure of his German partner. From a purely "diplomatic" point of view, de Gaulle's declaration to the press was a *gaffe*. If one is prepared to make concessions in order to gain a point, it is essential to conceal this fact until negotiations are under way. In this case, however, de Gaulle acted like a magician who appears on the stage with a glass hat through which the rabbit can be clearly seen.

Another Reason?

So the question remains, is this just a case of what the ancient Greeks called *stratiotiké alogia*, the "stupidity of generals"? Or must we look for another reason? There exists, in Germany, an anti-Adenauer school of a socialist and Protestant tinge with strong support from rootless semi-intellectuals. This group has insinuated that de Gaulle's declaration had Adenauer's approval, since it claims that Adenauer has written off the Protestant East. A poorly reasoned argument because without the (overwhelmingly Protestant) refugees Adenauer's position—that is to say, the Christian Democratic position—in West Germany would be even stronger than it actually is. But even if Adenauer were a religious bigot (which he is not), he is much too shrewd a bargainer in the political sphere to ask de Gaulle to throw away one of Germany's best cards in an East-West conference.

The truth probably lies somewhere else. The fact that no communiqué was issued after the Marly meeting of the two statesmen cannot be overlooked. It may well be that de Gaulle, firmly convinced that Germany is bound to lose most of her Prussian territories, wanted, through his premature declaration, to force Adenauer's hand. This he did not achieve and it is by no means unlikely that one fine day he or an official "spokesman," may declare that by "present border" he meant the frontiers of 1937 and not the provisional line of 1945.

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There'll Always Be . . .

Time for the Ancient Verities

DIOGENES

In the period of my adolescence, there was a writer in England who exercised an immense influence upon the youth of that period. His name was Robert Blatchford, and he was the superbest propagandist that England had produced since Cobbett.

His books, notably *Merrie England, Britain for the British, God and My Neighbor,* sold by the million. He commanded a style of utter, simple clarity. Like Cobbett, he served his time as a private soldier. Like Cobbett, he was self-taught. Like Cobbett, he made himself a master of English.

Today we have no great, fundamental controversy in England. The Church has hauled down its flag. The scientists are in a state of such utter confusion that the foreword to Everyman's new edition of Darwin's *Origin of Species* concludes, in effect, by throwing the whole evolutionary theory overboard, and by characterizing Darwin's influence as unhelpful and socially undesirable! Our politics are a dishonest shuffle.

But in the period of my adolescence we had great controversy, controversy on fundamentals. One of these was the controversy between Free Will and Determinism.

Gift of Free Will

On the one side stood those who held that, fallen and imperfect though man might be, God had conferred upon him the gift of Free Will. He could choose between the higher path and the lower. He could come down on the side of Right or Wrong. True, he lived in a material world which provided a framework for his decisions. But within that framework, Free Will could operate. And a man was answerable to his soul, and to his Maker, for how he exercised it.

On the other side stood the Determinists, of whom Blatchford was one. In their view, Free Will was a complete illusion. Men were the products of heredity and environment. We could not alter heredity. We *could* alter environment. In my youthful impressionability, it did not occur to me to wonder how, if man had no Free Will, he could possess the freedom of will to alter environment! But let that pass. It was "conditions" which determined what men were and what they did. "Conditions" were bad. There was poverty, there was unemployment, there were the slums. From these sprang all the crimes of the Decalogue. Alter the "conditions," and you would alter men.

Determinism

Now, since I was born in a slum, and since I found in it as much kindness, mutual help, and honesty as I have since found in any other class of accommodation, I do not think, in retrospect, that the point about the slums was all that hot! But Determinism provided a basis for a vast "escapism" from individual responsibility. Masses of men conceived of themselves no more as subjects of sinful impulses which they must overcome by their own efforts; they attributed their poverty no more to inadequacies of will and struggle which they ought to surmount. Self-pity took the place of the strong nonconformist virtues of Dr. Samuel Smiles and his like.

Now all this contributed powerfully to the Socialist cause of which, also, Blatchford was a strong propagandist. His combination of Determinism and Socialism was a most potent factor in creating the mental climate which built up the Labor Party, crystallized the "humanist" approach to politics, and led to the Welfare State.

The Liberal Party led the way, in the period 1910 to 1914. War interrupted the advance for four years. But by its end, "Homes for Heroes," a "Britain fit to live in," had become the standard cries of politics. But it was only after the Labor victory in 1945, following the Second World War, that discretion was thrown to the winds. From then on, it was "full-speed ahead" to the Welfare State. The Socialists proclaimed it. The Tories dared not, for electoral considerations oppose it.

A whole book could be written on the impact of the Welfare State on many aspects of life. Here I will deal only with one. The Christian Economic and Social Research Foundation has published two reports on teen-age delinquency. Now for the "teen-agers," "conditions" have been vastly improved. The fifteen-year-old son of a neighbor of mine has just started work at a wage which, in terms of money, is nearly twice the maximum amount which my father, who was a skilled plumber, ever earned in his life, and on which he brought up a large family.

In the year 1956, ten times as many boys were convicted for drunkenness as in 1945. The figure for 1947 is 11 per cent higher than for 1946. In 1946, for the age-group 17-20, only three girls in 10,000 were convicted of sex offenses. In the year 1956, ten girls in every 10,000 were convicted. That is more than three times the figure for ten years ago. Among boys, the rate has *more than doubled* in the same period. It was 7.3 in 1946. In 1956, it was 15.9 per 10,000 persons.

Says the Report: "If the trends have continued, one needs to think of the *current* rates being about two-thirds higher again than in 1956."

What About Adults?

These figures relate to the adolescents. What about the adults? Sir John Nott-Bower, our Metropolitan Police Commissioner, tells me that in the first four months of this year the number of cases of house-breaking, robbery, thefts from cars, etc. was 15 per cent higher than for the same period last year, and 40 per cent higher than for 1956.

The "conditions" have improved out of all recognition. The Welfare State looks after us from the cradle to the grave. And we get more drunk, commit more sexual offenses, housebreak and steal more, than ever we did! Is it not time that we got back to the fundamental controversies? Is it not time that we challenged the basic doctrines of the Determinists and of the Socialists? Is it not time that we got back to the Ancient Verities?

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National Trends

Eisenhower As Broker

FORREST DAVIS

The paper curtain drawn over the quarrels of the Atlantic powers by journalistic inattentiveness and a foolish decision somewhere in the Government to minimize differences should not obscure the profound vexation with which the President views these differences. Well he should. For what the deserved failure of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's "honest brokerage" and the hardening of the Paris-Bonn axis portend is a genuine rift in Atlantic solidarity as the Western foreign ministers prepare to concert an Atlantic position at Paris on April 29 in advance of the meeting at Geneva on May 11 with Nikita S. Khrushchev's man.

What Mr. Eisenhower knows is that the Prime Minister has achieved the isolation of London from the tripod of Adenauer's free Germany, de Gaulle's France and a hopefully resolved United States.

Our government knows also that our Continental friends constitute a veritable Third Force with, or against, the British and, if need be, the United States, should we adopt Macmillan's theses respecting Khrushchev's intentions in a spirit of conciliation. Eisenhower is aware of this Third Force's threat to American paramountcy in Atlantic affairs by certain evidences of its hard and fast nature. Among these evidences are Konrad Adenauer's two telephone calls to Charles de Gaulle in Paris before deciding to transfer his prestige to the Reich Presidency on something like the de Gaulle model.

More relevant to the epic diplomatic jockeying brought on by Khrushchev's calculated impudence over Berlin is the personal note from the French President to Eisenhower after Macmillan's post-Moscow visit to Paris. A friendly note warning our President that the Prime Minister had been trapped by Khrushchev into concluding (a) that Khrushchev would fight if balked of his Central European ambitions and (b) that the voluble Vozhd was now prepared to negotiate fairly and cooperatively. Neither conclusion impressed de Gaulle.

The note contained likewise, one may hear, a subtle intimation that the Continental Great Powers are not prepared to accept the guidance of the Anglo-Saxon Powers against their plain interest. A point conveyed perhaps more bluntly to the White House by Chancellor Adenauer in private and brought to public notice on the day after his Presidential decision in his angry retort to British attempts to array him as the "senile" and "rigid" enemy of peace through negotiation.

Macmillan the Apologist

Meanwhile, certain of the instructed in Washington believe they are gaining deeper insight into Macmillan's role as apologist for Khrushchev. Macmillan, according to this estimate, acts as he does not only to steal Labor's electoral thunder; not only because England is indulging itself in another bath of pacifism reminiscent of the national acclaim for Chamberlain after Munich and the Oxford Pledge, but also out of a longing to reclaim Britain's diplomatic prestige. There exists among the intelligentsia of all parties, one gathers, a theory that a Britain shorn of the substance of world power must rely upon its wits to make its presence felt. To do this is said to call for bold, "imaginative" statesmanship in line with evolving realities. As practiced by Macmillan this doctrine results in simultaneously fearing and trusting Khrushchev with too little regard for the liberties of Germany and the historic disillusionment of all statesmen who have trusted Moscow.

The image of a Downing Street swaying world affairs by mediating between the American Soviet colossi, sentimentally detached from both, finds its most cynical expression in the triweekly political column of Richard H. S. Crossman in the London *Daily Mirror*. Crossman, Labor M. P., formerly editor of the *New Statesman*, the most provocative British champion of "neutralism," commanding the largest newspaper readership in the U.K., authoritatively elaborated this view in *New Fabian Essays*, published in 1952.

I do not suggest that Macmillan or any other Tory or Laborite unentangled in the Communist conspiracy seriously proposes breaching the Anglo-American alliance. I do suggest that Macmillan shows a determination to prevail over adverse sentiment in the United States, France and Germany with a view to delivering the Atlantic world captive to Moscow. The diplomatic delivery of the West would entitle Macmillan to the gratitude of a British public bent at the moment on purchasing personal and national survival from Khrushchev's missiles at almost any cost in judgment and principle.

It is precisely here that a frightening danger yawns for the Eisenhower administration. The failure of Macmillan's brokerage and the disaffection of our Continental partners may confront a President, firm as to principle but constitutionally disposed to conciliation, with the temptation to undertake a bit of brokerage on his own.

The President, using the superb qualities of conciliation he displayed as Commander-in-Chief during World War Two could bridge the gap between London and Paris-Bonn if any one can. Should he try? I say not; that to interpose our influence between the stubborn gentlemen of the Third Force and the modified hysteria governing British affairs at this moment would reduce our weight in Bonn and Paris and gain us only the ill-natured slings of Fleet Street.

The health of the West requires that Eisenhower join his polemical talents with those of Adenauer and de Gaulle to prevail over Britain, not to woo her. For this there are a host of reasons summed up thus: Any submission to Moscow is gross error. Fortunately we still are on our feet and if we are to go to the Summit we should march with Paris and Bonn and a London disenchanted with appeasement through force of Atlantic numbers if nothing else.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Students with Minds and Consciences

Habitual readers of my melancholy vaticinations upon this page may be surprised to learn that there still exist upon some American campuses genuinely educated, or educable, undergraduates: a Remnant. And, like the Remnant of Isaiah, they may vindicate themselves in the fullness of time. One such heartening group of students met some weeks ago at the University of Detroit: the Midwest conference of Lambda Iota Tau, an honorary fraternity of students majoring in literature.

Nine students formed a panel to discuss the question, "Is significant dramatic tragedy possible in an egalitarian society?" Their discussion centered around Maxwell Anderson's "The Essence of Tragedy," Arthur Miller's "Tragedy and the Common Man," and the *Life* editorial "Untragic America" (December 2, 1946); and they had also read Miller's *Death of a Salesman* and Anderson's *Winterset.*

These students displayed real critical talent. For the most part, they snorted at *Winterset;* they thought *Death of a Salesman* merely pathetic. Dean Ebner (Wheaton College) said of Willy Loman, "Willy was sick, and he got sicker." Except for one panelist—Miss Kucie (University of Detroit)—they were hostile toward Miller's play. The general tenor of the discussion was that tragedy can exist in a democratic society—with difficulties. As Miss Schwarzkopf (Augsburg College) said, all men may be created equal; but they are not equal. Miss Francis (Mercy College) thought that the so-called "democratic faith" needs improvement, and Miss Sadowski (Aquinas College) said that though we cannot create kings and nobles, yet we have kings and nobles by nature among us.

Their general conclusion seemed to be that the lack of tragedy in our time is a result of the triumph of agnosticism rather than of the triumph of democracy. All the panelists descried the modern hollowness which, by reaching for a vulgar outward success, betrays the inner sense of dignity. As John Diskin (John Carroll University) stated, tragedy is possible in the twentieth century, though handicapped; the tragic spirit may be found in some of our novels, especially those of Conrad. Altogether, this was a genuinely intellectual meeting.

Fastest Growing

Lambda Iota Tau is only six years old, but it is perhaps the fastest-growing honorary society in the country, with 52 chartered chapters in 22 states and Puerto Rico. Most of these chapters are at small, sturdy liberal-arts colleges. Catholic colleges have 22 of these chapters, Protestant and private 19, and public-supported institutions eleven. Membership requires a minimal grade average of B in nine semester credits in courses in genuine literature (disallowing creative writing, conversational Spanish, and the like); the reading before the chapter or a larger group of initiation papers; and faculty recommendation.

A good notion of the society's excellence can be got from reading its *Newsletter.* You learn these things, for instance: Sioux Falls College's Gamma Chapter offers a list of intensive papers dealing with *Antigone.* Iota Chapter (Marygrove College) lists such initiation papers as "Sources of *The Pearl,*" "*Manfred* as Byronic Biography," and "Chaucer's Scientific Knowledge." Last year's president of Omicron Chapter (Augsburg College) is studying at Columbia with a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship, and the president of Pi Chapter (Wheaton College) was last spring's winner in the *Atlantic Monthly's* national essay contest.

It is striking that nearly all the chapters are at comparatively small colleges; humane studies tend to wither on the football-happy campuses. At several Behemoth Universities, chapters made so sorry a showing that these institutions were asked to withdraw from membership.

A faculty member who attended the Detroit conference remarked afterward, "We saw the coming generation there, and it can't brook the temper of the thirties—see what they thought of Anderson's *Winterset.* The forties are gone, too, and with them Arthur Miller's hand-me-down naturalism. These students had more in common with the *Oresteia,* and knew it better than they knew Miller, or cared to know him. We never have been altogether without Christian humanists; but there are more of them now, perhaps, than at any other time. Professor Windbag, Ph.D., who regales his class with 1920 heresy, or 1930, or 1940, is only himself an historical fact, musty and dead. . . ."

The rising generation of real students is going to have to be reckoned with. When they talk of "inner greatness," where then is the other-directed society? It was as though these young people were wise elders, deploring the childishness of clumsy youth; but the childishness they reproached was that of Anderson and Miller. By and large, these students were not complete Aristotelians, though they admired Aristotle; his conception of man was too Greek for them, and they showed the discipline of a Christian education, inculcating a respect for all men, joined to the knowledge of the soul. Where greatness of soul could be found, where it could be portrayed, there one should find tragedy; but it is found rarely in our time, they said. With one or two possible exceptions, these students were not counterrevolutionaries, but rather republicans with a small *r.* They believed in what Irving Babbitt calls "sympathy," tempered by "selectivity."

The executive secretary of Lambda Iota Tau is Professor Clyde Kilby, Department of English, Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois; the editor of its *Newsletter,* Dr. Warren Fleischauer, John Carroll University, Cleveland. They are doing a good work.

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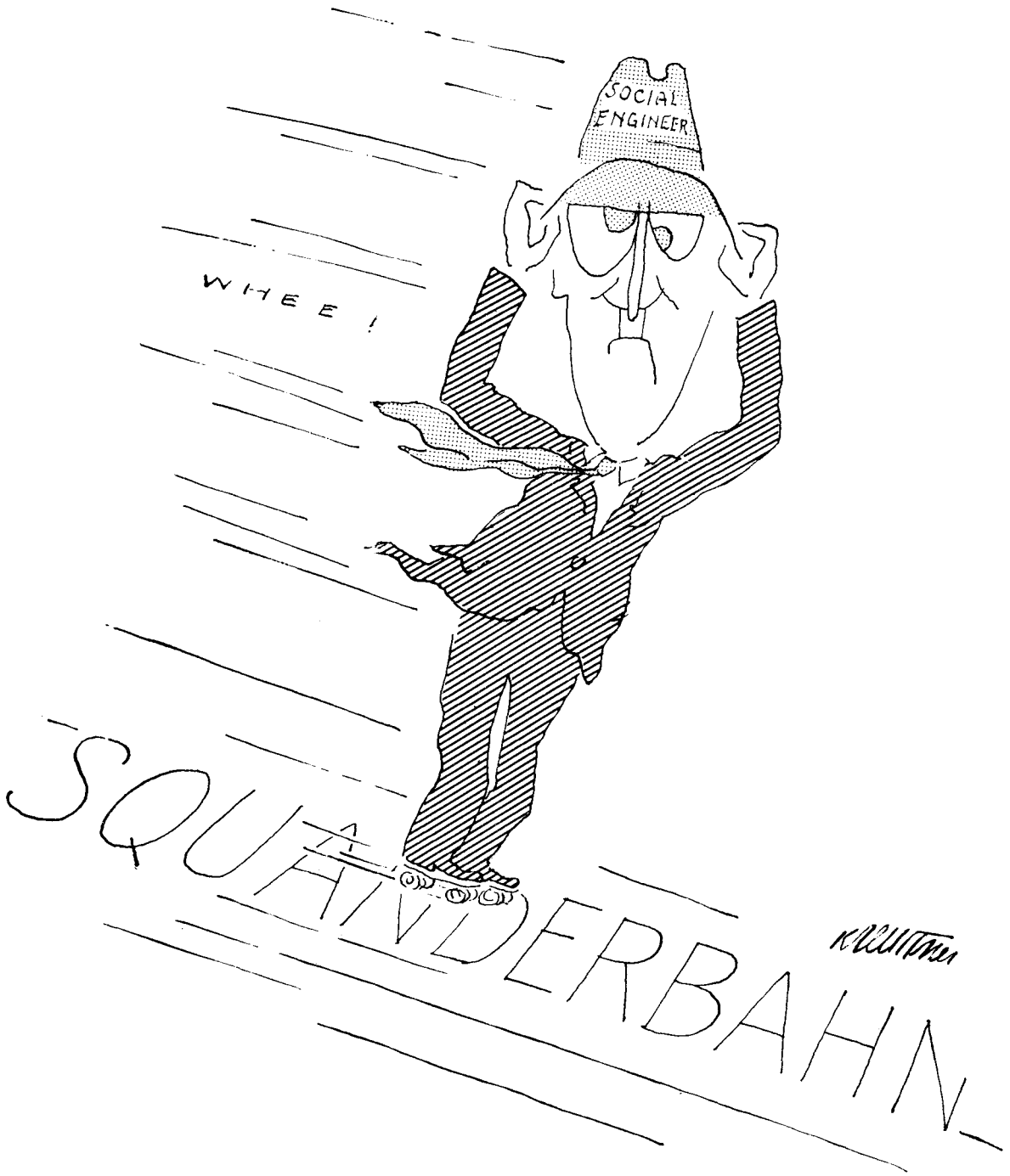

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The Sureness of Belloc

HUGH KENNER

Belloc's picturesque bigotries, his devotion to wine, his pessimism, his unfailing assurance, his doubtful histories, these are celebrated enough. That in his most casual dealings with the English language he was incapable of setting down three sentences without distinction is a circumstance lost on publicists who suppose "style" to be a lacquer for what you have to say and a useful substitute when you have nothing to say. Americans in particular have been encouraged to mistrust anything called "style." Like the embroidered weskit, it marks a man who is habitually up to no good, or at least is unlikely to inform us reliably that the hoss thieves went thataway.

On the contrary, a man who speaks truth gracelessly betrays not disregard for *bon-ton* ceremonial, but ignorance of the *location* of the truth he speaks. Without style, the habit of truth leads to fanaticism; style disposes, subordinates, appraises and arrays. On this principle might be based a comprehensive education in the art of dealing with torrents of prose, an art essential to twentieth-century survival, and Belloc's recently published *Letters from Hilaire Belloc,* edited by Robert Speaight, (Macmillan, $6.00), might be its textbook. They are on the whole better written than his justly admired essays, in which he seldom quite conceals that he was under the necessity of exactly filling a newspaper column, for pay.

It is fascinating, in the *Letters,* to watch the sureness with which he moves from plane to plane of seriousness. "When people are absolutely wrong as to the nature of the thing they are describing, accuracy of citation (in which Gibbon is usually sound) is worthless." Possessing that perception of a thing's nature, though, you can manipulate details as fantastically as you please, right out to the peripheries of cultivated lunacy, whether because "Elimination is the whole art of rapid presentation," or because you are writing from the United States to amuse Maurice Baring:

> All Americans spend their time doing nothing in little jerks, and moving from place to place. All are happy, goodnatured and simple. Most are yellow, but some are black: all have metal throats and loud voices and love to hear Trains, Electric bells and the hammering of iron: also stories of murders and especially murders of prostitutes. This fills the Press.

It is the exact awareness of its own exaggerations, borne out by the transparent syntax and the sardonic precisions of "all," "most," and "some," that distinguishes this from the notes of some touring Babu. The student who has grasped its method can then savor the subtler comedy of the note from Boston about the Corrected Parson, of which one could not without damage alter a comma:

> I talked in a private house to an Anglican Parson who had, really and truly, *recently,* been tarred and feathered. He was a dull young man. The feathers, a woman told me, were for "modesty." It happened in Florida because he told negroes that God held them as equal to whites.

In this way one could fill up a syllabus with a graduated sequence of Belloc's ironies, not omitting the account of how King George V "sat in his palace surrounded by Queen Mary" at some crisis of Irish affairs, passionate sobs of anger shaking his royal frame, until, "as is, however, the custom of the English, His Majesty was put into a bag and bidden sit upon himself while the People That Really Count arranged matters between them." That is a comedy which depends, as even the nursery class could be got to see, on a just appreciation of the historical role of Monarchy. For it was out of History that Belloc's certitudes came.

The purpose of education is not to teach the mind tricks, but to enrich it with generations of experience. History taught him to despise "the Provincial spirit in its little box"; History taught him to define, in the contemporary world, "a sort of open-mouthed, weak-chinned satisfaction with oneself and with all things which is quite maddening and for purposes of all constructive work as hopeless as a marsh is hopeless for the foundations of a house. . . . The process of the whole past is always made to converge and lead up to a delightful and perfect present, and one feels that the most terrible chastisements would have no effect upon the state of mind. Even the ruin of one's country would be taken to be a sort of blessing in disguise. . . . To reduce the whole of the population to servitude is called 'Order.' To deprive them of their property is called 'Industrial Revolution' and when they starve it is called 'the wastage of intensive production!' "

Against this prose equivalent of a Kreuttner cartoon, set his account of the nature of belief:

> I believe there are three persons in one God just as I believe that the 51st parallel goes through Cologne Cathedral and on sufficient authority. In the one case it is said by the Church whom I have discovered to possess a sort of map of such things; in the other because it is always agreed to by all who have made the measurements. But when I tell Raymond, say, that I believe it he thinks I mean it as one who says, "I believe Mercury was cleverer than Zeus." Mere symbols or imagination. If I said it to Lady Grosvenor she would think I meant it as "I believe this wine is to my taste." The idea of *reality* as a conception accepted is lost to the modern world. Except of course that in practice they accept it all day long, as when they invest money in China.

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The force of this habitual distinction, between reality as a conception accepted and the sentiments one finds congenial, is brought out by his success in that most difficult of epistolary genres, the letter of condolence. It was on such an occasion that he enunciated "the doctrine which has formed the permanent religion of mankind. . . the doctrine out of which the Faith made Christendom by putting a lamp inside it. This doctrine is, that whatever is part of the human business is inferior to man. Its worst evils must be supported with mastery, and every adverse current must be met by the inflexible dignity of a man." Mere consolation therefore—he was explicit on this point more than once—"is a drug and to be despised": the sustaining appetite is the appetite for Reality, however unwelcome. "We are not creatures of change or loss but their victims for a time and our right protest is to tell them that they are inferior altogether to our very selves."

Plumb in the center of his mind when he is engaged in his most frivolous arabesques, or asserting his most peripheral opinions, is this strong awareness of a sustaining Reality, multi-faceted, apprehensible to the reason and experience of a civilized man, and itself the guarantee of his reason and civilization. "From that upwards all grows reasonably and it is appreciation in chance detail which is false and brings our narrow experiences into conflict with Ancient Truth." Hence his contempt for inconvenient detail; for like Samuel Johnson, another melancholy moralist, he had that rare generalizing mind that is intermittently solicitous for particulars while drawing its strength from contemplating the proportions which large planes of reality bear to one another.

Thus he will evoke "St. Dominic sitting in the north gate of the Siguadon as a young man, not very clear what he is about and seeing an odd light on Prouille," or "two men, both elderly, one fairly well-read but quite lower middle-class, the other unlettered and of the workers, padding along with staves in the dust of the Appian Way and knowing themselves unpopular and like to be more so," without the faintest disturbance to the equilibrium with which he contemplated nineteen centuries of Christianity in Europe. Guided by a lesser wisdom, that talent for resurrecting mere temporal circumstance might have gone the way of Renan.

That it is appropriate to speak of wisdom in the presence of Belloc's notorious accumulation of quirks and prejudices is a testimony to the power of a civilized tradition over an energy capable of intuiting it. His peculiar impersonal *gravitas,* as when he evokes in a characteristic rhythm, "those permanent things which are, as it were, the shores of this age and the harbors of our glittering and pleasant but dangerous and wholly changeful sea," is European and Latin, that is to say, traditional: a tradition he had made his own by passion and minute care. His foolery has no trifling in it, and when he rages, it is on behalf of sustaining truths.

These truths he articulated best in letters. He loved his friends; the public made him impatient, and his essays are a little too full of variations on the peremptory "all sane men know . . ." Ultimately, they are uninformative. Rhetoric was often good enough for the reading public, the thought of whom made him feel like a man "giving a clear and loud lecture in an empty hall." At the close of one essay he counsels the reader against certain follies which will entail an unhappy manhood and a lonely old age, and subjoins, "Not that I care." But for Mrs. Raymond Asquith he will trouble for four hundred careful words to describe the stele of the priestess of Ashtaroth at Carthage, the robe, the face, the eyes, and the values: "a revelation of some spiritual world not in rebellion but apart from God: too near us: leading nowhere yet sufficient to itself and fuller of life than we": a precision of expression answering, as his published writings rarely do, to his impassioned precision of apperception.

A great man, whatever he may or may not have it in his power to tell us, enhances our sense of the possible. Belloc's letters document the meaning of tradition, its power to order, locate, orchestrate and justify every impulse of an apparently centrifugal personality; and they document the intimate dependence of such a tradition on a sense of reality. It is manifested even in his startling improvement on Coleridge, which it is relevant to imagine that Horace would have found saner than the original:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.
The Streptococcus is the test,
I love him least of all.

Some Voices from the Grave

M. STANTON EVANS

The century's most important controversy is being waged in America today by two groups of frightened people—each trying to impress its vision of terror upon the other. On the left hand are the forces of appeasement — frightened of nuclear war; on the right are the anti-Communists—frightened by the continued successes of Soviet intrigue; between these poles of apprehension lurches the struggle for direction of America's foreign policy.

It may be that both the left and the right have good reason to be scared. But neither of them is focusing on what I should venture to describe as the supremely terrifying reality of this terrifying age—a reality to be found within us, rather than in the menace of external forces. A great deal of life, after all, involves us in dilemmas which, improperly dealt with, can be ruinous. The degree of hazard presented by each one is determined by our ability or inability to respond to it. Thus the problem-solving faculty is prior in importance to any problem. For this reason, life's greatest terror, to a sane man, must always be the possibility of losing his sanity. If he cannot exert some reasonable control over his own system of responses, there is no external force so negligible that it might not prove his undoing.

I have before me two books which suggest that America is now confronted with a danger of just this sort; namely, that its reasoning class—the segment of the population that deals professionally in ideas — has given

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over the orderly employment of reason. The books are *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy* (World, $4.75), by William Appleman Williams, and *What's Wrong With US Foreign Policy* (Harcourt, Brace, $4.50) by C. L. Sulzberger. They differ in that the first is a careful essay comprising a single stupefying argument, the second a turgid ramble. They are alike in that both pummel America and exalt America's enemies, and serve up the result as "foreign policy."

I suppose there is nothing really unusual about these books. They are simply extensions, in the realm of foreign affairs, of the strange epistemology which has formed and annealed the modern temper. We have repeatedly been told that there is no such animal as truth, no such thing as contradiction or logical demonstration. All is flux and movement and intellectual slither. These books show that such metaphysical speculations, forever enticing to the Liberal mind, have had some practical results: they have divested us of our national sanity.

BECAUSE it so perfectly unites relativism's imprisoning fakery with a blunt defiance of most known truth concerning its subject, *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy* is one of the most frightening books I have ever read. Its theme is that the United States, since it is verbally committed to libertarian forms of government, is guilty of something called "open-door imperialism," which now seeks to thwart the interests—implied to be legitimate—of the Soviet Union. The tyrants of the Kremlin, Williams suggests, are just hard-boiled technicians of social change, laboring for the better tomorrow. Their enslavement of the nations of eastern Europe apparently is only an alternative approach to government, a different "way of life." Free World attempts to forestall or undo such enslavement are "imperialism." (And how can you deny *that,* friend, when you don't even know whether you exist or not?)

Williams, it should be noted, not only helps shape the national destiny by courtesy of the World Publishing Company; he is also an Associate Professor of History at the University of Wisconsin, where, we may be sure, he imparts much worthy thought to the rising generation. Like Williams, C. L. Sulzberger—foreign affairs columnist for the *New York Times*—represents the "thinking" fraction of the American population. The fright in his book, as opposed to the raw terrifying power of the Williams opus, is well-cushioned with tedium. Sulzberger is first a bore, only second a toiler in the vineyards of surrender. Williams is worth reading as a specimen of cold intellect working everything backwards. Sulzberger isn't worth reading at all.

He does, however, offer some exercises in illogic which should prove intriguing to all lovers of Newspeak and double-think. To give the flavor of it, I pass along his argument for admitting Red China to the United Nations. He asks: "Why . . . ban from the UN a country that presents the UN with one of its basic problems?" This feat of rhetoric—exactly like asking, "Why ban Al Capone from the police force when he presents the police force with one of its basic problems?" — is staggering enough. But Sulzberger has a punchline which is even better. Because we have opposed the entrance of Red China to the UN, he says, ". . . *we cannot even* apply the moral influence of being in a position to ask it to withdraw."

The "betrayal of the intellectuals" was originally defined as the subordination of the reasoning class to the interests of the political authorities; in our day it has been more legitimately characterized as a total alienation from those interests. But surely the "intellectuals'" greatest treason is neither of these—but simply to have betrayed the intellect itself, to have used their minds for the destruction of clarity, purpose and order. The "consecration of the mental blur" is Max Eastman's phrase for the phenomenon. That is a light-handed way of putting it, for such savage war against intelligence is akin to a criminal act, and it has borne criminal results. Beginning with the concept of truth itself, it has filtered out into every area of our concern, until all value, all reason, have been pulled inside-out.

A final example. Professor Williams ends his freakish essay by urging America to safeguard "its strategic position by formulating a new outlook which [accepts] the reality of a world in revolution," and to devise "new policies calculated to *assist* those revolutions to move immediately and visibly toward their goal of a better

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human life." (Italics added; and lest there be any misunderstanding, Williams explicitly designates the current regimes in Russia and China, as well as the demanding "underdeveloped" nations, as bearers of "revolution.") This kind of analysis, offered as sober counsel on foreign relations by an American professor, sends more chills through me than any vision of atomic holocaust, or the lurking menace of Soviet power. Other dangers may promise death in the future; this is death here and now.

The Civil War in Grand View

J. P. McFADDEN

THE CIVIL WAR was definitely Wide Screen: a stupendous production. In its time it was colossal, and even today, judged by almost any standard, it remains a huge and important part of history.

Perhaps that is why it has been reported rather badly. Caused as it was by deep and jagged fissures in American society, and fought over what were for the time almost unbelievable distances, it has proved a difficult thing to write about successfully. Most chroniclers have been content, at best, to produce good biographies and battle stories. No one has previously attempted the Cineramic treatment.

Now, Mr. Shelby Foote, a novelist and historian of considerable repute, has done just that. He has given us the first—and very impressive—installment of a projected three-part panoramic history of what still qualifies as our Great War (*The Civil War: A Narrative. Fort Sumter to Perryville,* Random House, $10.00). To judge from these first 830-odd pages, which cover the war through 1862, the result will be something less than epic. But that is not so important. Mr. Foote *does* give promise of a really good, comprehensive survey, and that is just what is wanted. For the trouble has been that most readers interested in this fascinating cataclysm have been befuddled by the maze of very often shoddy books available. It has been a case of not knowing where to start.

If Mr. Foote finishes as he has begun, he will have provided an adequate point of departure. In his case at least, the juxtaposition of novelist and historian seems to be a happy one. He writes clearly and well, and he knows how to organize his narrative effectively. More, he has been both skillful and careful in assimilating the many contradictions in his voluminous source material. *Aficionados* may complain that their favorite battles do not get re-fought just so, or that their heroes have not been properly inflated: students may point out that, hard as he has tried, Mr. Foote has still missed a lot. Both will be right, but irrelevant: for it is time for someone to try fitting together at least *most* of the pieces, even if it means streamlining some rather baroque folklore. It is sufficient tribute, to both book and author, to say that Mr. Foote has done his job well, with a minimum of mistakes, and without trying to read into the drama lines the actors never spoke. May he complete the next two volumes with the same restraint!

What will Civil War connoisseurs read while waiting? The centennial continues to bring forth a flood of

titles, but the best continue to be reprints of old classics, not new works. Among them one of the finest is *The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant* (Indiana, $6.50) by Major-General J.F.C. Fuller. Fuller is an incomparable military historian, and it is always a treat to reread his earlier works (this one was first published in 1929). As usual, his incisive analyses wear very well indeed. His unorthodox appraisal of the relative virtues of Grant and his rivals remains unmatched. It hardly needs saying that no collector should miss this book; but so polished an historian is Fuller that even the casually interested reader may well find it immensely interesting.

Another interesting reprint is H. B. McClellan's *I Rode with Jeb Stuart* (Indiana $6.50). It is much like a Civil War painting: full of rich hues and brave postures; inspiring, but not too realistic. The author paints his hero with romantic strokes; this is a period-piece in the best sense.

Of the new books, three are perhaps representative. *Gray Ghosts of the Confederacy,* by Richard S. Brownlee (Louisiana, $4.95), is a fairly good example of the type of study which, although limited, is needed, for it deals with the little-known guerrilla war that raged in and about Missouri. This struggle has become obscured because so many of the participants (Jesse James for example) later became Western legends. Mr. Brownlee has attempted to do the needed debunking job, and has made the effort readable.

An example of the familiar, hackneyed battle-study is *Chancellorsville,* by Edward J. Stackpole (Stackpole, $5.75). Mr. Stackpole has obviously solved the problem of finding a publisher for this sort of thing, but it is a breakthrough to the rear. However, there are thousands of such books which are worse than this one, for Mr. Stackpole fills *his* with excellent maps and pictures.

Finally, there is the inevitable picture book, this time *Mr. Davis's Richmond,* by Stanley Kimmel (Coward-McCann, $7.50). Such things tend to be much like their size: they are distinctive and unusual, but one wonders just what to do with them. But coupled with its twin (Mr. Kimmel's earlier book on Lincoln's Washington), it makes a handsome package, and a good visual study.

All in all, perhaps the best thing to do is wait for Mr. Foote to finish his trilogy. This will give the beginner a starting point, and the old hands a much-needed rest, while the centennial dust settles.

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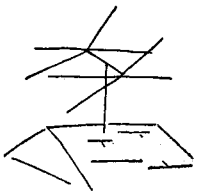
Television

How Not to Spend Easter Sunday



MORRIE RYSKIND

I KNOW, I know. I ought to have my head examined. Missing Gary Cooper and Louella Parsons and Adolphe Menjou and Lassie for a thing like that! But listen a minute, will you? There *were* extenuating circumstances, and I promise it won't happen again.

As a general rule, nobody in our house would ever think of turning on the TV set before 7 p.m. any more than he—or she—would consider having a martini before that hour. It's a matter of taste, not of morals—indeed, during the world series, because of the unfortunate time differential between the East and West coasts, you can find us clustered around the set at the unearthly hour of 10 a.m., when decent folk are still abed. And I guarantee you that, no matter *how* early the incomparable *Maverick* went on, the inhabitants of *this* household would be there to greet it.

But there aren't—alas!—too many *Mavericks* to be seen even in the evening. And as for the morning and afternoon shows—well, look at your TV log and see for yourself. I have nothing against Dave Garroway, but I'm not giving up any part of my sorely-needed beauty sleep to listen to *him* at 7 in the morning; and from Garroway to the cocktail hour there is nothing—but nothing!—except a dreary stew of *Captain Kangaroo*, cartoons, reruns of *Our Miss Brooks*, old movies, *Queen for a Day*, and Liberace.

All right, I'm coming to the point. Give me a chance, will you? You see, Beverly Hills was going to have its annual Easter Parade with a galaxy of stars headed by Gary Cooper and nobody in his right mind would want to miss *that*. So we thought—this was 11:30 a.m.—we'd watch the preliminaries on TV while we had a light brunch before going over to the reviewing stand to see the stars in person. My son and I usually look for the perky gals, and cheer when the likes of Debra Paget and Erin O'Brien go by: that is, *I* cheer—my son whistles. My wife, who likes the more sophisticated type, saves her applause for Adolphe Menjou and makes careful notes on what that modern Beau Brummel is wearing. (For the next month she will coax me into buying the same stylish materials, arrange some occasion for me to wear them and, just before we go out, will look me over and shake her head disconsolately. *I* don't understand it, either: I think she must take notes badly.)

So we tuned in to the local station, but there were only pictures of people entering the stands, with nary a star in sight. So we thought we'd wait a bit and I flicked the dial, intending to shut off the power. Well, you know me and my ineptitude about anything remotely mechanical: I flicked the wrong dial and got Channel 2.

AND THAT, Your Honor, is how we came to watch the CBS program, "Is American Journalism Meeting Its Responsibilities?", on Easter Sunday morning. The very title should have stopped me: this belongs in the same league with that hardy perennial, "How Shall We Educate People for Their Leisure Time?". Both come under the head of culture, and culture, too, is one of the things this family doesn't usually indulge in before martini time. As a matter of fact, we find culture a little more endurable *with* a martini. Our recipe is three or four jiggers of gin, a dash of vermouth and just a trace of culture. Shake well, adding another jigger or two till there's *no* trace of culture.

But here we were cold sober. True enough, but here I throw myself on the mercy of the court: I used to be a newspaperman myself. That was long ago and far away, and both the *World* and Herbert Bayard Swope, my city editor, are gone—and with them the antiquated notion that the business of a reporter is to get the facts and present them without editorializing. Swope wouldn't even let you quote an attack by one citizen on another unless you had the second man's rebuttal in your story. We all know how absurd that was in these days of interpretative journalism, when the chief function of a reporter is to present the Liberal Line and carefully omit such facts as do not hew to it. But, in those horse-and-buggy days, being even a cub on the *World* was like being a member of the Yankees; even we rookies wore our uniforms proudly, and we had reason to. And the smell of printer's ink still lingers tantalizingly in my nostrils. You know, the old fire-horse.

So I listened, even though I knew about what was coming up. The panel, moderated by the suave and sinistral Eric Severeid, included Sig Mickelson, CBS vice president; J. Russell Wiggins of the portside *Washington Post;* a southpaw lady—a real Lady, that is—Lady Barbara Ward, formerly of the *Economist* of London; a salty and lone conservative, Eugene Pulliam, Indiana and Arizona newspaper publisher; and the dullest egghead of them all, John Fischer, editor of *Harper's*.

Now, I've been through enough of these "Public Service Programs" to know that, when you get a broad general topic like this one, you're not going to get anywhere. Not in an hour, certainly—and perhaps not in a lifetime. The most you can hope for is some occasional good talk punctuating the dreary banalities before the panel comes to some utopian conclusion on which everybody agrees, because it's time to get off the air and you have to arrive at *something*.

This one followed the pattern to a T. There *was* some good talk: Severeid was at his suavest; Lady Ward was charming, even when she was incoherent—but then I'm always a Patsy for an English accent; Wiggins was urbane; and Pulliam often pungent. Fischer was—well, let's say incredible.

To be fair, everyone contributed his full quota of banalities, something perhaps unavoidable in this sort of discussion; but in this part of the contest, Fischer led from wire to wire. When Severeid asked a question of

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...m, Fischer would go into a deep coma before he came up with the right Liberal answer; a slow study is the stage parlance name for it. The average run-of-the-mill Liberal can give you an ADA cliché before you can say the proverbial "Jack Robinson"; not Mr. Fischer. You have time to read halfway through *War and Peace* before he comes up with the appropriate stereotype. If you were to ask him what time it was at 5:30, it would be at least 5:45 before he answered, because he doesn't like to make snap judgments. This probably ranks him as a deep thinker, but it can give you a mighty low Trendex. My guess is that *Harper's* had a couple of hundred subscriptions cancelled as a result. Even a Liberal can be bored.

Fischer was still in deep thought when Severeid summed it up: what the panel had agreed upon, apparently, was that the ideal paper would have nothing but experts on it, each man to be a recognized specialist in his field and one who could—and would—interpret the news of his readers. (The ideal paper, I gathered, would have J. Robert Oppenheimer covering science, Harold Stassen as Washington correspondent, and Joe Louis and Casey Stengel writing sports. That last sounds intriguing—but me, I'll take the old *World* with Swope as city editor, and that bunch of crackajack non-interpretative reporters, and Bolitho and Woollcott and Broun and Deems Taylor and F.P.A. on the Page Opposite, and Frank Cobb doing the editorials on the Editorial Page—where I still think they belong.)

When Severeid summed up it was 12:30, so we rushed out and missed Gary Cooper and had to settle for Yancy Derringer. Menjou had come and gone, so I don't get any new clothes. My son had to be content with whistling at some minor starlets; but his heart wasn't in it, even though one of them whistled back. We felt cheated and robbed and it wasn't until 7:30, when the sainted *Maverick* came on, that contentment reigned again over our household.

Oh, before I forget. On the Sunday *after* Easter, they scheduled another hour of this thing with Jim Hagerty, James Reston of the *Times*, and that unbiased historian, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. Due to circumstances completely within my control, I wasn't there.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MY FATHERS AND I, by Eric Linklater (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95). Though analysts' couch-springs may still squeak to the fact, the news itself is well over a generation old. Laius is to blame. The fault for us poor underlings lies with our fathers. Now at last we have Mr. Linklater carrying the process even further back. For—novel idea—every father had his own father. In *My Fathers and I* there are indeed seven generations of fathers from eighteenth-century Moses Vanbrugh to the immediate Edward Vanbrugh. Each son in turn as he reaches the botched close of his career is brought to the sorry realization that but for his father he might have led the good life. Only old Moses, who was a foundling, is denied this solace. Mr. Linklater reconstitutes each Vanbrugh era with an extraordinarily deft wit and malicious historical accuracy. Moses rises from a domestic to the peerage. Eustace flies England to become a domestic in the household of a Texas oil millionaire. In this delightful book one could wish for nothing more, except perhaps illustrations by Osbert Lancaster.

F. RUSSELL

WAR—1974, by Colonel Robert B. Rigg (Military Service Publishing Co., $5.00). This is a book of considerable interest, written by a serious professional soldier of wide experience, who has already demonstrated his competence as a military commentator with an earlier book on Red China's army. It again emphasizes the very great possibility of nuclear stalemate, either before or in the opening states of future wars, and the need for serious thought as to what directions more limited forms of warfare are likely to take, and how best to prepare for them. Colonel Rigg is not at home with the science-fiction technique he has adopted, which makes the book overlong and disjointed, and converts intelligent military theories into some extremely trite phrases. But I repeat that what he *has* produced, with all its faults, is well worth reading for anyone interested in the future, military or otherwise. It is a fascinating story of great armies, widely dispersed over the entire Eurasian land mass, which dart in and out of three-dimensional combat on flying platforms and tanks, seeking to neutralize missile bases rather than win battles or conquer territory. Their weird weapons and tactics are, Rigg maintains, merely extensions of present-day ideas and capabilities. From such confused and deadly warfare, Rigg's Americans emerge victorious. Let us hope *that*, at least, is more than fiction.

J. P. MCFADDEN

KING OF PONTUS, by Alfred Duggan (Coward-McCann, $3.95). Mithradates' mixed ancestry combined in him the Persian spirit of despotism and the lucid, realistic intelligence of the Greeks. He built for himself a great kingdom by exploiting every occasion on which the Roman Republic, distracted by domestic demagoguery, became irresolute in foreign policy. In this vivid and witty biography Mr. Duggan occasionally simplifies the narrative by ignoring conflicting evidence or pertinent details. Near the end of Mithradates' reign his tax-collectors "took all the wealth of the prosperous, and the savings of the humble. In fact they behaved as officials behave nowadays. . . . But [they] were dealing with the subjects of an ancient oriental despotism, not with the citizens of a modern western democracy. . . . Phanagoria . . . was the first city to rise in revolt." Mr. Duggan should have noted that the insurgent cities that broke the despot's power were inhabited by the descendants of the early Greek colonists, and that they had not entirely forgotten their heritage. By the same token, of course, the patient beasts of burden who now toil to buy votes for their arrogant masters in London and Washington must have forgotten Runnymede and the Boston Tea Party. Or have we forgotten that we are men?

R. P. OLIVER

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To the Editor

African Nationalism

As one who uses the term "African nationalism" for events described by NATIONAL REVIEW (March 28) as "savage eruptions," I am, by NATIONAL REVIEW's definition, a "Liberal ideologue,"[1] whatever that means. As one who believed the late Senator Taft was entirely too "liberal," I am also astonished.

African nationalism is simply the aspiration of Africans for the "unalienable rights" "to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them."[2]

One would have to read many issues of the *New York Post*, or many speeches by Mr. Verwoerd of the Union of South Africa, to find anything more idiotic than NATIONAL REVIEW's comments on African nationalism.

I have much respect for the forensic ability of NATIONAL REVIEW's editor, but he would come a cropper in any debate with Mr. Tom Mboya, the respected leader of what NATIONAL REVIEW terms "neo-Mau Mau" in Kenya. Mboya and other Kenya patriots, including Dr. Gikonyo Kiano, who took his Ph.D. in political science at the University of California (Berkeley), are contemptously dubbed "sorcerers' apprentices" by NATIONAL REVIEW.[3]

With inexcusable ignorance (the alternative would be unpardonable insolence), NATIONAL REVIEW asserts that British capital, brains and energy have contributed to the cause of "responsible self-government, which has been progressing at triple speed" in (of all places!) the Rhodesias. NATIONAL REVIEW's editor should take a trip to Salisbury and, while there, ask Mr. Garfield Todd, former prime minister, or Colonel David Stirling, founder of the Capricorn Africa Society, about "responsible self-government" in Southern Rhodesia. A government proposal, which seeks to outlaw permanently the four African Congresses, has been denounced by the Anglican archbishop as an "echo of the Hitler regime."[4]

NATIONAL REVIEW reveals its puerile imperialism, as well as its addiction to Orwellian Newspeak, in a reference to "the strategic position of the free world" in East Africa. The "free world" indeed! Such madness will not stop Africa's irresistible march toward government by Africans, but it will help Communism win the minds and hearts of Africans, just as our stupid anti-Nasser policy, supported by NATIONAL REVIEW, has helped Communism in its penetration of the Middle East.[5] [6]

Glenview, Ill. CHESLEY MANLY

The Editor Replies

1. From *"Liberals believe A"* it does not locally follow that *"Those who believe A are Liberals."* E.g., from *"Communists opposed NATO"* and *"Senator Taft opposed NATO"* it does not follow that *"Senator Taft was a Communist."*

2. NATIONAL REVIEW denies it is the "unalienable right" of every people to govern themselves, under any circumstance; would have applauded, for example, the interventionary movement in British Guiana in 1956 setting aside the Communist government the people had, exercising their "right," voted in.

3. NR denies that forensic ability or academic tassles equal the right to political or ethical pre-eminence; suggests Tom Mboya would have come a cropper in a debate with Leon Trotsky—but NR would not, for that reason, have sided with Trotsky, who might himself justifiably be called an apprentice of the social sorcerer, Karl Marx. On a more literal level, sorcerers and wizards have in fact led the African mass movements; and even the European-educated politicians such as Kwami Nkrumah and Sekou Touré regularly consult witches and soothsayers.

4. NR is no more troubled by the views of "the Anglican archbishop" of Rhodesia than it is by the views of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury; or the views of the World Study Conference of the World Council of Churches, which counsels the recognition of Red China; does not need to travel to Salisbury to maintain that British rule over Rhodesia is preferable to the atavism of the African Congresses.

5. NR continues to have preferred British supervision over Egypt to a) the mobocratic, fanatical national-

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ism of Nasser, whose public voice is the barbaric Radio Cairo; b) the control of Egypt by an opportunist who has called Communism "brother and friend of the national aspirations of free people," c) the so-called "free government by Africans" which tolerates less political freedom than the English did. Just so, we prefer American rule over the Panama Canal to Panamanian rule.

6. NR suggests Mr. Manley, a distinguished journalist, is adopting toward Americans who disagree with him, the kind of rhetoric Mr. Nasser finds it appropriate to use toward dissenters; wishes it were otherwise.

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"Scholarly" Articles

Although I'm in sympathy with most of your ideas, I find your articles a bit "stuffy." I do believe standards in writing should be kept high, but not so high that you'll miss a lot of people who simply aren't ready for "scholarly" articles (perhaps I speak only for myself and a few friends)....

Brooklyn, N. Y. JOSEPH MACALUSO

Mr. Callaghan's Article

"Why I Quit Teaching" [March 28] is the most succinct and comprehensive summary of the subject that I have ever read. As a retired high school teacher exposed to schools of education at the University of California and University of Washington, I find Mr. Callaghan's comments completely satisfying.

Personally, I would have enjoyed some comments on the PTA, but perhaps that would have been only an attempt to improve what is already perfect.

Seattle, Wash. HAZEL O. THOMPSON

Michael Callaghan goes into a tirade against teachers because they are mercenary; and in the same breath he says teaching "has been an underpaid profession since the time of Socrates." My inability to understand this sort of talk may be due to the fact that I did not attend high school—yet.

I wonder too— how come he's so smart when education generally is in such a mess? He complains: "There is no sense of dedication left in the schools." Why didn't he do some dedicating?

Brooklyn, N.Y. EAMON O'CAROLAN

The Dresden Bombing

Our attention has been drawn to an article entitled "From a Traveler's Notebook" by Mr. Russell Kirk which appeared in your issue of February 14, 1959. We do not wish to join issue with Mr. Kirk in certain of the opinions he expresses but on a point of fact he appears to be in error.

He states that "a South African air marshal wiped out Dresden when the fighting had stopped." Presumably he refers to the raids carried out by Royal Air Force Bomber Command on the night of February 14/15, 1945 and by the U.S. Air Force on February 15, at a time when Dresden was a main center of communications in the southern half of the Eastern Front. If this is so it is difficult to understand Mr. Kirk's statement, since the Rhine was yet to be crossed by the Allied Armies and much heavy air and land fighting to come, before the German capitulation.

Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, Commander-in-Chief Bomber Command (if he is the air marshal referred to) was born in Cheltenham, England, of English parents.

INFORMATION DIVISION,
London, England AIR MINISTRY

The Early Keynes

The John Maynard Keynes quotation used so appropriately to begin Howard Buffett's fine article on inflation [March 28] was selected from page 235 of Keynes' *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, published in 1919. It seems a shame that Mr. Buffett didn't turn the page—for on the following page 236 he would have found an even more striking quotation with which to conclude his article:

> Lenin was certainly right. There is no surer, no subtler method of overturning the existing basis of society than to debauch the currency. The process engages all the hidden forces of economic law on the side of destruction, and does it in a manner which not one man in a million is able to diagnose.

Keynes wrote these unhappy truths before he changed from the sound enonomist he once was to the impractical visionary dreamer he later became. He it was whose costly theories were so dear to the hearts

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of the social planners in the early thirties, both here and in Great Britain.

Will Keynesian economists Robert R. Nathan and Professors Seymour Harris of Harvard and Paul Samuelson of MIT please take note?

Boston, Mass. KENNETH D. ROBERTSON JR.

A Marine's View

I am submitting my reflections on Mr. Bozell's timely article, "Nuclear Tests: Hedge Against Disaster" (March 14).

". . . that the peoples and governments of the West are incapable of competing with the Communists in political warfare. It is partly a matter of lacking centralized direction—a Communist asset. . . ." I find myself at variance with the implication of these words, forming a nucleus of Mr. Bozell's article.

Essentially, I believe that Mr. Bozell is underestimating the hardy fabric of the Western intellectual tradition. While it has become painfully apparent that there have been many defections from the Western outlook, these have had a cleansing and revitalizing effect on the main body.

It is my opinion that we will witness an era of aroused, politically-oriented intellectual activity rivaling that of Revolutionary times . . . There is an increasingly strong communion of thought gravitating against insidious Liberalism. The manifestation of this is the existence of NATIONAL REVIEW and writers of Mr. Bozell's caliber.

North Carolina BART W. MCDONALD
1st Lt., USMCR

"Our Daily Bread"

Through every sentence of Francis Russell's "Our Daily Bread" [March 28] I glowed with self-satisfaction. I, too, bake bread twice a week and haven't bought a loaf for three years. But it's been a deadly struggle—armed with my home-made bread and soups, I was pitted against the seductive, nursery-slanted Campbell and Langendorf advertisements of the cartoon hour— and I was losing out until the television set blew out three months ago.

But I find I still need an occasional builder-upper. Recently a frail six-year-old visitor stared at me open-mouthed as I pounded my dough. "What's that?" I explained. "You mean you don't get it at the store in paper?"

My own son, a 55-pound, pink-cheeked six-year-old, replied a little apologetically and with the resignation of one who has made a compromise with life: "Well, we're getting used to it now."

Seattle, Wash. NANCY ANN HOLTZ

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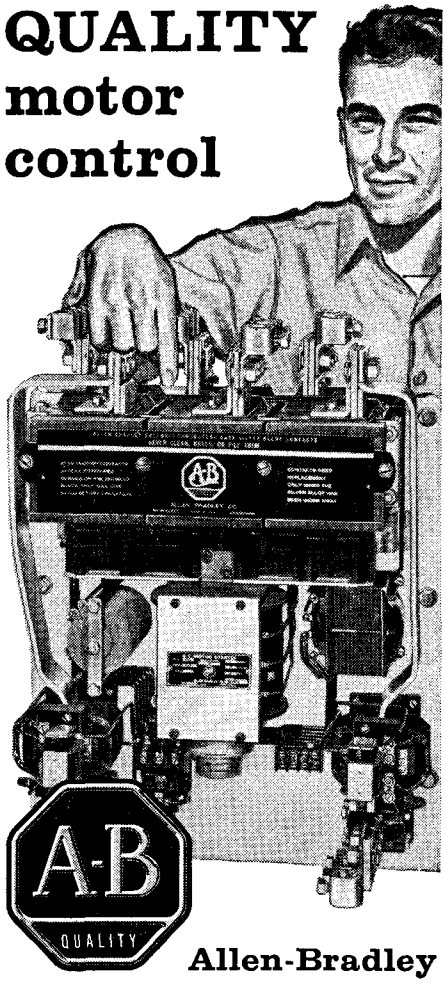

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Straight Talk*

by Tom Anderson

DOES America need saving? Or—a better question—can it be saved? The United States of America is fast becoming the Unionized Socialist State of America. A leading Senator told me recently that the best guess in Washington seems to be that we'll have 100% Socialism and a 10-cent dollar in 25 years.

The Federal Government has become—not a union of sovereign states—but a monster which has become so powerful, so complex, and so big that it is beyond comprehension—and maybe beyond control—of the people. Unless the people rebel soon—and I don't use the word lightly or loosely—I believe our nation is headed for bankruptcy, defeat and destruction. Many Americans are too prosperous, too selfish, and too apathetic to concern themselves with anything except *today*. Others realize what is happening, but they've been seduced and are just relaxing and enjoying it. We'll never be saved by minority and special interest groups. We'll never be saved by the country club set. They're more interested in golf and gin rummy. We won't be saved by the school teachers and "intellectuals." Too many of them can't make the money they think they're entitled to under a supply-and-demand system. We can't depend on businessmen. They're too busy selling soap to save America. And most don't want to jeopardize soap sales by engaging in anything "controversial."

In 1960 there is no chance of getting a Republican or Democratic nominee who is by mentality, experience or spiritual quality worthy of being President of the United States.

Nelson Rockefeller, the Republican Roosevelt, now appears the most likely nominee for president. Rockefeller is not merely a rich politician, but a dedicated one-worlder. Averell Harriman, the New Deal opponent whom he recently defeated for the governorship of New York, said of Rockefeller: "If he (Rockefeller) goes forward with the New Deal program and philosophy which he voiced in the campaign, he will get vigorous Democratic support in Albany. He has espoused the cause of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman." And, I will add, Mr. Norman Thomas.

"Rock" and Your Roll

Rockefeller vs. Stevenson, or Symington, or Kennedy. That's not a two-party system. That's a one-party system. Rockefeller vs. Stevenson would be a *primary* election to determine the candidate of the Socialist-Labor-International-alist party. Tweedledum and Tweedledee. No issues. Millions vs. millions. Glamor boy vs. glamor boy. Which twin has the Toni? Which can eat the most pizza pies?

Many fellow-millionaires are in Rockefeller's corner because this inflationary prosperity has been good to them—why rock the boat? Some big businesses make many of their millions selling products to the government to give away to foreigners, and "The Rock" shapes up as the coming all-time give-away champ.

Battling for the 1960 nomination, will Nixon emerge as a conservative or a liberal? Whatever it takes to get the nomination—that's what Tricky Dicky will emerge as. He's a rider of waves, not a leader. He'll ride whatever wave, right or left, will carry him farthest.

The Democratic party is no longer the South's party. It belongs to the AFL-CIO and the socialistic Americans for Democratic Action. The Republican party belongs to the undertaker. The body should go unclaimed.

Democratic Chairman Paul Butler has recently predicted that in 1960 the party would adopt its most "liberal" platform yet; nominate a candidate the South would refuse to support; and that the South would walk out. The time to walk out is now! Stay in and change it? That's like trying to make a lady out of Liz Taylor—it's too late now!

Changing from Eisenhower to Nixon, Rockefeller, Symington, or Kennedy is like leaving the soiled diaper on the baby and just changing the safety pin.

The greatest enemy of man is, was, and always has been, government. And the bigger the government the bigger the enemy.

Creeping Stupidity

Less government and more *responsibility* means more human happiness. Some say our economic life is so complex that all these controls are necessary. Exactly the opposite is true. General Eisenhower, our President, has said that he may have to put controls on everything—just like wartime—to stop creeping inflation. That would be creeping stupidity. If he does so, except in case of hot war, he should be impeached. The controls should be not on the people, but on the President, the Congress, the bureaucrats. and the unions.

Forcing a lid on a boiling kettle doesn't prevent the explosion. It causes it. The way to keep the lid on top is to take the fire off the bottom. Government is not preventing inflation but causing it. The President, the Administration, the Congress lack the courage to stop inflation. They haven't the guts to end union racketeering, unnecessary government projects, activities, workers, and waste. The great majority of them should be fired.

Only Americans Can Defeat America

We now have government by misrepresentation, a government which has discarded the Constitution, usurped the sovereignty of the states, robbed the people of their material wealth and their freedom, given away our substance to the world without end, and left us subject to defeat by a foreign power. The Socialists must be overthrown by ballots of the people or eventually the people will be overthrown by bullets of the government.

Nations are never conquered from outside unless they are rotten inside.

If we are going to save the nation, we must save it on a Tuesday—voting day. But politics is an all-year job. We can't save the nation on any Tuesday unless we work the year around. Never again vote for the lesser of two evils. Vote *for* somebody you want even if you have to write-in a name. Vote for principles, not personalities. Vote for integrity, not sex-appeal. Vote for what's in the candidate's record, not what's in his ghost-written speeches, for what he does, not what he says.

Third party? Certainly we need a third party. But we need more than that. We need a grassroots uprising. We need a spiritual rebirth.

***Editor Tom Anderson's editorial reprinted from FARM AND RANCH Magazine. This is an example of the editorial vitality of FARM AND RANCH, which makes its editor the most quoted farm editor in the nation. FARM AND RANCH has 1,300,000 subscriber families from Maryland to Arizona. Main editorial offices: Nashville, Tennessee. Branch editorial offices: Washington D. C., Dallas. Sales offices: New York, Chicago, Detroit, Nashville, Atlanta, Dallas.**

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